Theatre Magazine

35 CENTS

NOVEMBER 1925

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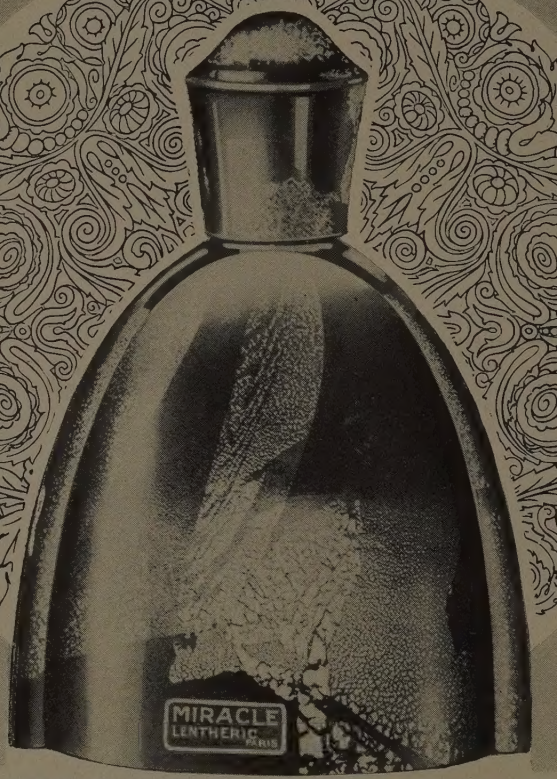
LENTHÉRIC

Parfum



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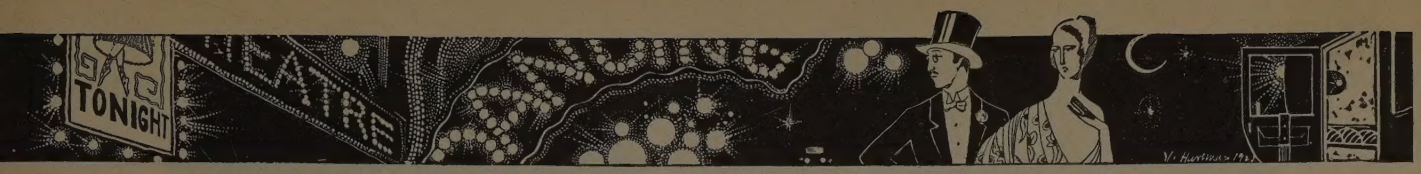

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THE PLAY GUIDE

The Play Guide, this month, being directed specially at women, is perhaps somewhat limited in its appeal. In order to take no undue advantage of the gentlemen, therefore, we warn them in advance that they are taking a chance on finding anything much to interest them within . . Save possibly, as that statement may pique a perfectly human curiosity. Anyway, forewarned is a stitch in time.

WE are going to write you a short piece to-day on "The Women's Activities" (dressier title "The Women's Arts and Industries") which held its annual "show" at The Commodore last month. Not for the reason that you will be able to take in the show itself, for it lasted, as is its wont, only two weeks. But because we believe you will be interested in hearing about some of the "activities" represented and that you will find suggestions therein for your own amusement and profit.

And now you are going to ask us, Just what is this "Women's Activities"? And why? Taking up "the why" will explain at the same time "the what." The why of this two weeks' show is to form a line-up that will tell the world of all the business and trades and professions women are taking part in to-day . . and, believe us or not, the array of booths representing the aggregate of them was most impressive. You might not realize, until you saw such concrete evidence as that presented, into how many disparate fields of endeavor women have entered and become important figures.

By way of evidence let us pass through the galleries between these booths in the gilt ballroom of The Commodore. Around the first turning as you enter is the booth of Lentheric, *parfumeur*. Just where feminine participation enters into this business we forgot to ask, so absorbed was our whole attention on the feminine appeal lying therein, especially that of the new Lentheric perfume, "The Miracle," dedicated to Lady Diana Manners, and with which we received a delicious spraying.

Thus heartened, we went on down the line, passing the booth of the beautiful Fountaine pearls; that of Miss Powyss' Devonshire Lace Shop; the booth where an alluring placard held out assurance of a process to take the shine from shiny garments; the booth where a graceful, lazy silver fox, curled asleep, was the sign and symbol that an altruistic woman bred and reared his kind to make silver fox furs for the rest of us to wear; the booth that presented the fact that a woman's job was the importation of a special kind of delicious Indian tea and which she helped prove to you by having it dispensed over the counter by a handsome dark-skinned native in his native white-robed costume.

SMALL specialty shops for women's garments or accessories of every kind were represented; politics were represented; publicity, character analysis, world tours, the Drama League, the Neighborhood Playhouse . . all had booths. The Theatre Guild was represented by numbers from its *Garrick Gaieties* (special permission of . .) among them the clever lady . . we've mislaid her name . . who demands in song of her audience "Where, oh, where are the old-fashioned men?" and Betty Starbuck and Romney Brent, who sing together that delicious ditty with its chorus beginning, "I must believe in someone, I'm just an April fool." . .

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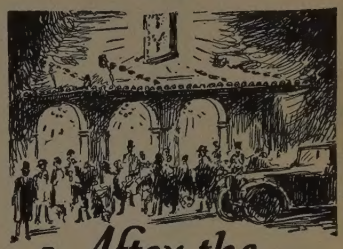

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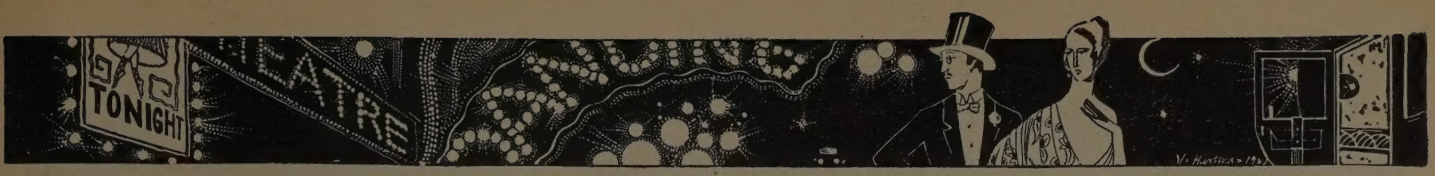

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We think special mention should be made of the booth, *nouveau art*, of Mme. Helena Rubinstein, expert in beauty, with its gilt shelves lined with a bright array of red and black and gold receptacles containing her unsurpassable preparations. Over the whole presided one of the beautiful "ideal heads" of the sculptor Eli Nadelman, of which Mme. Rubinstein has made so large a collection. The exotic Mme. Rubinstein was there herself for a short time the afternoon we were, explaining to interested inquirers about a scientific beauty treatment specially designed for the business woman. This consisted of only three preparations, a cleansing cream which nourished as well as cleansed; a skin food that stimulated; and for finish a skin-toning lotion. Simple, scientific, sure! Only a few minutes each day with this little beauty treatment and a lovely skin is yours, *mesdames*, indefinitely.

Another booth we liked was that of "The Pillow Shop," a shop specializing only in that commodity . . pillows of every size, sort, description . . some of them too adorable, particularly the little round ones, patch-worked together from the flowered chintzes of French peasant dresses . . and the chic miniature ones of lozenge shape, done in pastel taffetas.

Still another intriguing booth . . that of Rose O'Neill's "Kewpies." Oh, and won't you like to buy as a Christmas present for little Alice one of her new "Kuddle Kewpies," with their bodies done in flesh-colored silk. (On sale now in all department stores.—Adv.)

And as if the booths weren't enough, and for good measure thrown in, the committee had arranged with Bergdorf & Goodman to put on a wonderful fashion show at certain hours, and to keep music afloat in the air, a Woman's Orchestra (but, of course!) alternating with the luscious Ampico. Altogether "The Women's Activities" offered a most instructive and entertaining way of spending a Fall afternoon.

ANNE ARCHBALD.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL EVENTS OF THE MONTH

NEW YORK SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

CARNEGIE HALL

Thursday Afternoons
November 5, 19
December 3, 17

Friday Evenings
October 30
November 6, 20

Saturday Afternoons for Young People
November 7
December 5, 26

Saturday Mornings for Children
October 31
November 14, 28

MECCA AUDITORIUM—Carnegie Hall

Sunday Afternoons
November 1, 8, 15, 22, 29

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Saturday Afternoons
November 21
December 19

TOWN HALL

(Subject to additions and changes)

OCTOBER

Friday Evening, 9th
Harrington Emerson, Lecture

Saturday Evening, 10th
Sigrid Onegin, Soloist, Membership Concert—National Music League

Monday Evening, 12th
Meeting under auspices of Zionist Organization of America

Wednesday Evening, 14th
Oscar Ziegler, Piano Recital

Thursday Evening, 15th
Julius Bledsoe, Song Recital

Friday Evening, 16th
Maxim Karolik, Song Recital

Sunday Afternoon, 18th
Charlotte Lund, Song Recital

Monday Evening, 19th
James Woodside, Song Recital

Tuesday Evening, 20th
John Drinkwater, Lecture

Wednesday Evening, 21st
Harry Kaufman and Sascha Jacobsen, Joint Recital

Thursday Evening, 22nd
Alita Alces, Song Recital

Friday Evening, 23rd
Brahms' Quartet

Saturday Evening, 24th
Meeting under auspices of The League for the Abolition of Capital Punishment

Monday Evening, 26th
Society of the Friends of Music "Le Roi David" with Orchestra and Chorus

Tuesday Evening, 27th
Beethoven Association

Wednesday Evening, 28th
Clyde Burrows, Song Recital

Thursday Evening, 29th
Eva Liminana, Piano Recital

Friday Evening, 30th
Barbara Lull, Violin Recital

Saturday Evening, 31st
Jascha Fishberg, Violin Recital

Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra have just concluded arrangements with the English concert impresarios for a concert tour of the British Isles next April.

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When planning a trip to New York, write for a copy of the latest PLAY GUIDE, enclosing 4c for mailing. If you live in New York, you will find it equally valuable for quick reference to all the plays on Broadway.
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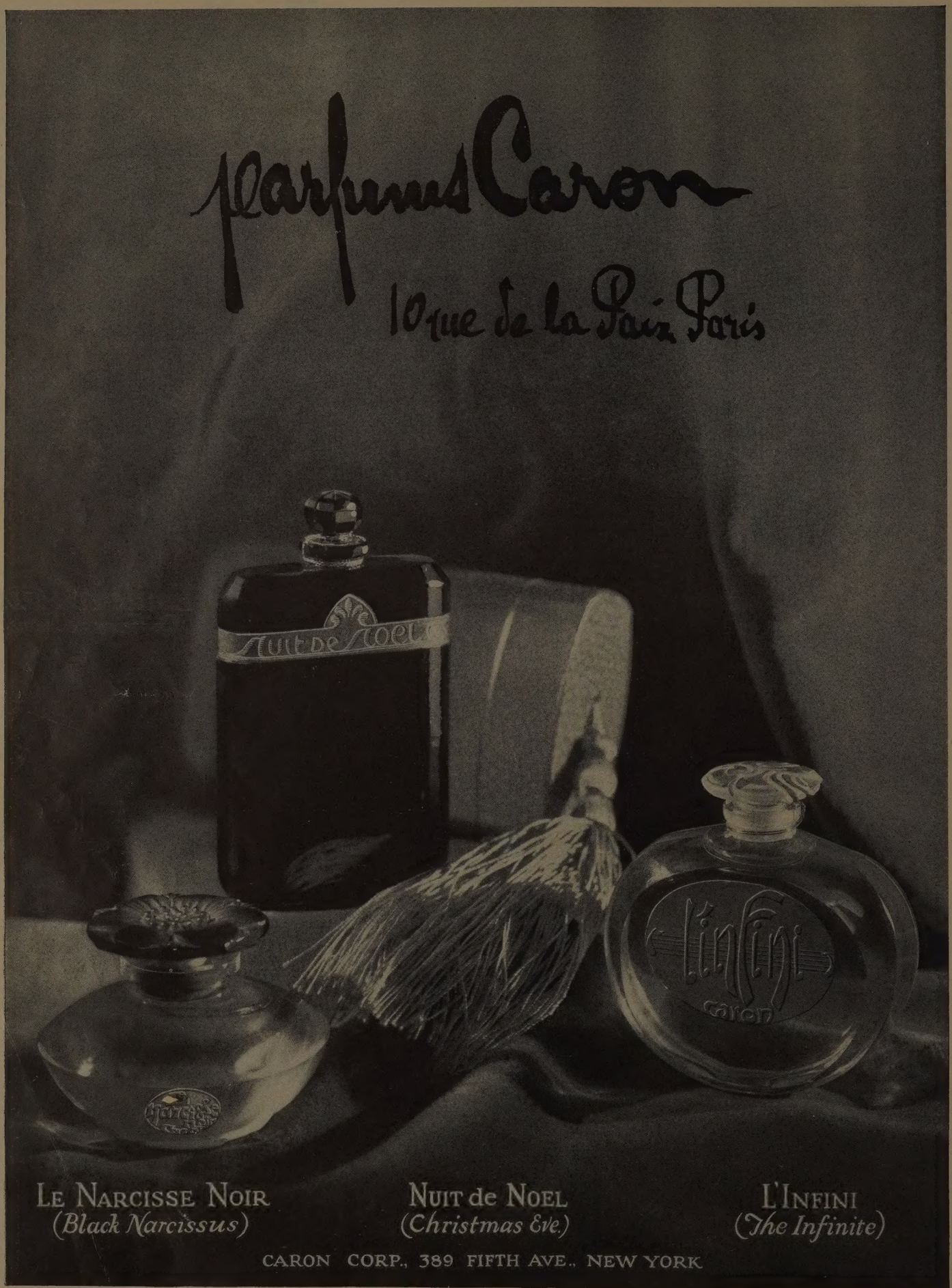
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NUIT de NOEL
(Christmas Eve.)
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(The Infinite)
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Procession, interpreted by the Hewes Dancers

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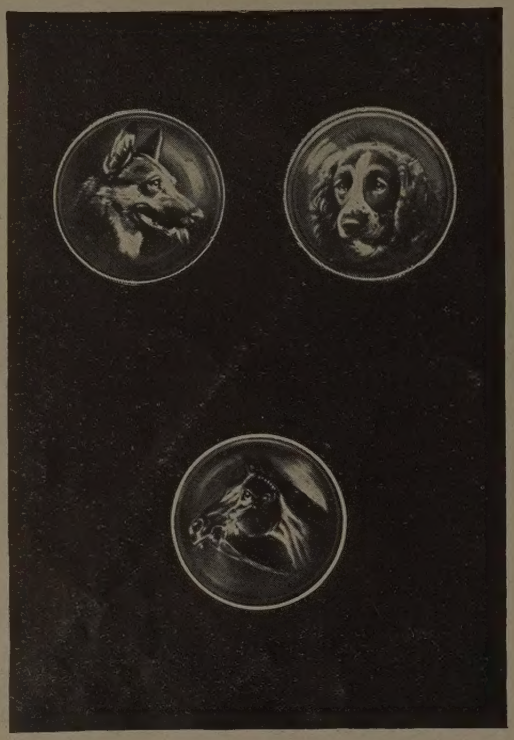

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CHAPIN MARCUS

THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XLII. No. 296

NOVEMBER. 1925

LYNN FONTANNE IN "ARMS AND THE MAN"

As Raina in the Theatre Guild's Production of Shaw's Not Too Shavian Comedy, This Delightful Actress Gives to Each Humorous Situation Her Deft and Accurate Touch

Photo Strauss-Peyton

THE PRODUCERS. No. 1: DAVID BELASCO

This fine portrait shows the famous producer as he is to-day after fifty years of activities devoted to the American stage. As an actor he played over two hundred rôles, many of them the more important classic characters. He is the sole author of ninety plays and, before becoming an independent producer, he was the adapter and reviser of several hundred. During his New York career he has given his public some sixty productions and has developed such stars as Mrs. Leslie Carter, Blanche Bates, Frances Starr, Lenore Ulric, David Warfield and others. He opened his present season with "Accused," a drama by Brieux, starring E. H. Sothern. This will be followed by four other new productions. Meanwhile he continues his last season successes "The Dove," "Ladies of the Evening" and "The Harem"

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, *Editor-in-Chief*

LAWRENCE LANGNER, *Contributing Editor*

The Editor's Uneasy Chair

All for a Great Love of Art

IT is amazing how gradually, almost imperceptibly, audiences become accustomed to improprieties in the theatre, viewing them without protest. For instance, they accept with equanimity, almost as a matter of course, the exhibitions of naked women now current in a number of Broadway shows, so-called artistic tableaux of the scandalously undraped that only a few years ago would have caused a riot in any theatre.

Although long a popular feature of programs in Continental music halls, the scantily attired female as a stage attraction is a comparative novelty in the American theatre. *The Black Crook,* ballet spectacle presented at Niblo's in 1866, was the first show of its kind in this country to make a feature of the semi-nude feminine form. The production aroused a storm of public indignation, preachers and moralists thundering against what they denounced as the license of the stage, yet, compared with present-day costumes (or lack of them) *The Black Crook* dancers were modestly attired. They all wore tights, whereas to-day in similar Broadway shows the girls wear practically nothing at all. Six decades ago the American show-girl began taking off her clothes and each year she has taken off more, until to-day she is almost as bare as the day she was born. What is the next move? If the artist has taken off everything, there is nothing more to take off, so that, soon, our purveyors of fleshly delights will be hard put to it to find something new to tickle the jaded appetites of their patrons.

An amusing phase of this nudity game is the pains to which the press-agent goes to impress the public with the modesty of the blushing models, who, of course, only exhibit their lovely bodies for the sake of Art. They do not, we are informed, object to exposing their persons to the view of the entire audience—spectators, as we know, of fine artistic taste and culture, quite incapable of harboring an improper thought while gazing on nudity—but when it comes to the stage-hands, back of the curtain, they modestly draw the veil. The management, we are told, takes precautions that no stage-hand shall get as much as a glimpse of pink epiderm. Directly the act is over, the stage is plunged into opaque darkness and the visibility remains low until the nude lady has wrapped herself in the *peignoir* held in the wings by an anxious mommer. There was talk of putting blinders on the stage-hands, like those worn by horses, but at last reports this has been deemed an unnecessary precaution. The stage-hand is nothing if not a gentleman. He would not for anything cause annoyance or distress by trying to peep at a lady who is so nobly lending her nude person to the sacred cause of Art. A last exquisite attention to these naked damsels by an intelligent management is that an employée with a duster is placed close to each entrance as the models come on, her duty being to flick off any bit of dirt that may outrage Art by attaching itself to the artist's body. The next logical step would be to have someone with a duster among the audience to flick the dirt from the minds of those patrons who attend these spiritual, uplifting Broadway spectacles with other than the purest and most reverential feelings.

To Test the Theatre Ticket Law

ONE of the Tyson Agencies—Tyson & Brother, the United Theatre Ticket Offices, Inc.—far from approving the familiar slogan, "Fifty cents above the box-office price and no more," which for years has earned for the hotel agencies the respect and patronage of the theatregoing public, takes the stand that the fifty cents surcharge is not enough to pay the costs of carrying on their business, and to test the constitutionality of the New York State general business law, which forbids theatre ticket agencies from charging more than fifty cents above the face value of any ticket they sell, they have carried the case into the Federal Court.

In support of their claim interesting figures are given. The business done annually by the concern exceeds $1,500,000, half of which represents cash sales, the other half being charge accounts on which deferred payments, in order to meet current expenses, the company had to borrow $75,000 at interest. Approximately half of the tickets handled by the agency are subscribed for with theatrical managers before the play opens and these tickets must be paid for two weeks in advance.

There is no question that the ticket agency is a convenience. Few theatregoers object to the comparatively small charge of fifty cents for the privilege of not having to go shopping from theatre to theatre, making long, weary queues at box-office windows. But if the Messrs. Tyson are successful in their effort to have the present law declared unconstitutional, to what heights will not the agencies' fees soar? The sky may be the limit. The ticket speculator will once more be rampant among us.

When all is said and done, the whole idea of a theatre ticket agency charging for its services is unethical, un-American and contrary to the spirit of our institutions. The railroad ticket agencies are a real boon to the public because they afford a convenience without making the public pay extra for it. Under our American institutions all men are supposed to be equal, to enjoy equal opportunity. As a matter of fact, American citizens are no longer equal when it comes to theatregoing. For example, a theatre offers desirable seats down front at the established price of $3.30 each. Mr. Average Citizen wants two of these seats and is willing to pay for them. He stands patiently in line, but is unable to obtain the seats when he finally presents his $6.60 at the box-office window. Why? Because they are not there. They are in the hands of the brokers. The man with the bigger bank roll, while comfortably sipping iced drinks at his club, telephones his agency and secures them at an advanced price. Ethically it is all wrong. The box-office having established a certain price for certain seats, every citizen—rich or poor—ought to be able to purchase those seats at that price. First come, first served. In practice Mr. Average Citizen is never able to buy the seats. The man with the bigger bank roll outbids him.

The Bible tells us that the rich shall not inherit the kingdom of Heaven. Mr. Average Citizen should find some consolation in that. At least he will feel that some day, somehow, he is going to get a square deal.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE SPIRIT

Classic Camera Composition by Maurice Goldberg. Posed by the Morgan Dancers

What Is Sex Appeal?

The Reason Why Some Players Attract the Public and Others Don't

By ST. JOHN ERVINE

ONE afternoon, in a London club frequented by actors and dramatists, I listened to an argument about actresses. The dramatists, unanimous about nothing else, were all agreed on this, that there are no actresses nowadays who can act. Each of them, it transpired, had lately had plays performed which were failures, and perhaps they were feeling sore about the fact, for they laid the blame for their failures (*a*) on the cast, (*b*) on the producer, (*c*) on the management, (*d*) on the critics and (*e*) on the playgoing public. One of them, indeed, seemed to think that the public had indelibly disgraced itself by staying away in large numbers from his play, and I felt that he was going to have great difficulty in forgiving it. I did not hear one dramatist admit that some of the blame for his play's failure might be due to himself, nor did I expect to hear such an admission. No dramatist deliberately writes a bad play. It may not be a good one, but it is as good as he can make it, and therefore, when it fails to attract crowds to see it, he naturally concludes that the fault belongs to anyone or everyone but himself.

While I was listening to this very interesting and entertaining argument, I heard someone say of a certain actress, "Yes, she's all right, but the truth is she hasn't got any sex appeal!" I had heard this odd expression several times before, without quite understanding what it meant—I thought of it in terms of the erotic novel and that tiresome female who is always being misunderstood—so I listened with closer attention to what was being said. And I soon discovered that "sex appeal," so far as the stage is concerned, is an entirely different thing from the sex appeal of the erotic novelists. I am not absolutely certain that I understand even now what "sex appeal" is in the dramatist's sense, although I am a dramatist myself, but I do know that the possession of it, whatever it is, means the difference between success and failure as an actress. It is something which cannot be acquired by taking thought or going into training. A plain woman may possess it and a beautiful woman be without it. A stupid woman, if she has "sex appeal," can count on popularity in the theatre, but a clever woman, if she has not got it, must reconcile herself to failure or to an inferior place.

AND suddenly, while I listened to this odd discussion, I realized why it is that some actresses of ability and intelligence fail to win the favor of the general playgoing public, despite the fact that the dramatic critics (who, it appears, are not so responsive to sex appeal as the less specialized playgoers) have boomed their merits. I realized, too, why it is that other actresses who seem to be entirely lacking in brains or ability cause crowds to assemble in every theatre where they act. I could, if I were ungallant enough to do so, name half a dozen actresses, each of whom has been highly and repeatedly praised by the critics, but are incapable of capturing the affection of the public. And I could name actresses, but I won't, whose work has been continuously deprecated or damned by the critics, and yet they are extraordinarily popular. The first group is undeniably composed of clever women who thoroughly understand their work and can give fine performances of nearly every part they play. The second group is undeniably composed of women, some of whom are so stupid that it would almost be complimentary to call them half-wits: they cannot act, they cannot sing, they cannot dance; there seems to be nothing on earth that they can do. Nevertheless, the first group fails to draw the public, while the second can fill the theatre. The explanation is "sex appeal." One group has it, the other group has not.

I DO not wish the reader to imagine that the possession of "sex appeal" is a sign of idiocy or incompetence, nor do I wish him to think that the lack of it denotes an unusually fine brain. Far from it. All that I want the reader to understand is that "sex appeal" is something totally independent of skill or intelligence, that it is, in some respects, superior to both of these, and that its possession is a lucky accident. A clever woman may have it, but so may a stupid one. It is to be found as commonly among ugly women as among beautiful ones. I do not intend to mention many names here, but there can be no harm in illustrating my argument with the name of a dead actress. Madame Réjane was not a beautiful woman. On the contrary, she was a very plain one. But she undoubtedly possessed a great measure of "sex appeal," more than was possessed by some of her lovely contemporaries. Signora Duse was not a beautiful woman, although I would hesitate to describe her as a plain one, but there can have been few women in the world who had so much "sex appeal" as she had. I know of an actress who is almost ugly; I know of another who has a squint; but each of these actresses, who are clever women, has so much "sex appeal" that hardly anyone remembers their physical defects. And I know of another actress, a very lovely woman, who is so lacking in "sex appeal" that she is totally unable to make any audience take interest in her. It is the unaccountableness of "sex appeal" which makes it so fascinating to think about. The stage can always be conquered by the girl who has it, even if she seems to have nothing else.

And this "sex appeal" is not to one sex. When I say that an actress has "sex appeal," I do not mean that her appeal is only to men. She excites the affection of women as strongly as she excites that of men. It sometimes happens, indeed, that an actress will appeal more to her own sex than to the other. That certainly is true of one very distinguished English actress of to-day, who rouses the interest and regard of intelligent women to an astonishing extent and leaves many men cold or indifferent. But the actress who is most abundantly endowed with this queer quality—Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Ethel Barrymore come immediately to the mind—appeals equally to both sexes. She is able to make them interested in her apart altogether from what she is saying or doing. The supremely great actress adds brains and ability to "sex appeal" and is able to command the love of the public. When she steps on to the stage, the whole audience is instantly aware of her. She quickens the interest of those who see her. If they were lethargic before her appearance, they become very alert after it. Something has been added to the play by her mere presence.

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to define "sex appeal," though nearly everybody knows what it is, but I think we may safely say that it is less commonly found among "intellectual" women than it is among women who are not "intellectual." I am reluctant to use that word lest I should be misunderstood, but if the reader will remember that I am using it in a narrow sense and am not suggesting that women who are not "intellectual" are unintelligent, my fear of being misunderstood will be removed. Women whose natures are chiefly governed by their minds are almost certain to have less "sex appeal" than women whose natures are chiefly governed by their emotions. There may be, and often is, a very fine intellect in the woman of "sex appeal," but her mental strength will be exceeded by her emotional strength. There will still be something wayward, incalculable, impulsive in her nature, something which is just beyond the control of her intelligence. The caricaturist's picture of the "schoolmarm" and the highbrow woman is not to be taken as a true portrait of all schoolmistresses and intellectual women, but as a true portrait of the arid sort of woman who has allowed herself to be defeminized, as it were, to be drained dry of her charm. The mind, by itself, is a displeasing thing: it cannot exist attractively without the little tricks of personality which make individuals individual.

WHEN I recall to my remembrance the actresses who undoubtedly have got this "sex appeal," I discover in all of them a sort of likeability which makes us willing to forgive their faults. It may be that the actress with "sex appeal" has exactly the same faults as one who is without it, but we will like her the better of the

(*Continued on page* 52)

The Writing of a Musical Comedy

Author of a Score of Broadway Hits Tells How He Turns the Trick

By OTTO A. HARBACH

TO the casual theatregoer, and perhaps even to the serious student of the drama, the writing of a musical comedy "book" may appear to be a trifling task. Just string a few jokes together, think up a few gags for the comedian, dash off a love scene or two for your hero and heroine to occupy themselves with between musical numbers, work in some sort of plot—and your composer and lyric writer will do the rest. Such would seem to be the popular notion. And indeed there have been shows produced on Broadway which would seem to have been written in just such an offhand way. But these impromptu efforts, if they may be called efforts, have lasted just about as long as impromptu creations generally last.

The fact is that the success or failure of a musical comedy depends less on the cleverness of the author than on his craftsmanship, is less a matter of brilliancy than of building. I will go so far as to say that it requires more expert knowledge to write an adequate musical show "book" than it does to write an adequate play. And this statement would seem to be proven by the small number of men and women who have written successful musical comedies as compared with the many, many talented dramatists who have written creditable plays. The creation of the majority of our musical pieces remains in the hands of the few, for the reason that the few have made an intensive study of musical-comedy structure, whereas the writing profession as a whole has chosen to regard the devising of "books" as an undertaking at which certain privileged insiders make easy money. It is supposed that anyone could do a "book" if he cared to and were given the opportunity.

We "hacks"—yes, I accept the denomination—would be less overworked if there were more writers who had studied the essentials of our craft. But as long as there is this notion that the writing of a musical piece is a simple, haphazard job the managers will continue to turn to the dramatists who have faced the fact that here was a difficult technique to be learned and have learned it. And one can hardly blame the producer of a hundred-thousand-dollar show for entrusting the writing of his "book" to an author who takes the job as seriously as he would the designing of a hundred-thousand-dollar building, rather than to an author whose experience in the game is nil and whose attitude is "These musical-show 'books' are a lot of junk anyhow, so I guess mine won't be any worse than most."

PROBLEMS OF PLAY BUILDING

NO one is equipped to write a musical comedy who is not already a proficient playwright. All the problems of playbuilding will have to be met. After he has surmounted all of these problems he finds himself confronted with an entirely new set of troubles. He is in a dizzy maze of difficulties, a realm of dramaturgy where Aristotle, Lessing, Ibsen and the other Official Guides can no longer be counted on to chaperone him.

The development of an idea into a full-sized play may be likened to the growth of a tree. The seed which the dramatist has planted must be a vigorous one. It must burst with life. It must send down strong roots deep into the soil of humanity—roots that will make possible the growth of the

OTTO HARBACH

A college professor for six years, the author of *No, No, Nanette, Rose-Marie* and a score of other Broadway successes, taught himself to be a dramatist. Every season for eighteen years he has had at least one hit on Broadway—sometimes as many as four at a time

trunk, branches and leaves. The topmost twig is fed by, owes its existence to, those roots in the common ground. Now you have a complete and living tree.

But suppose that your planter-dramatist is out to grow musical blossoms on his "tree." It was a perfectly good dramatic acorn that he planted, and yet the carefully reared oak tree refuses to bloom. What does one do to make an oak bear magnolia flowers?

If the author is honest with himself and has any sense of responsibility he will start his planting all over again, making sure this time that he has got hold of the right kind of seed. If, on the other hand, he is a "slick worker" he may resort to nature-faking and, to save trouble (as he thinks), try to disguise his fiasco by bedizening it with tacked-on flowers "almost as good as real ones." And in doing so he can point to the case of the evergreen tree for justification. For does not the evergreen blossom forth every year at Christmas time? Is not its glittering splendor both effective and satisfactory, even though artificial? In fact, doesn't the very public he is writing for expect a musical show to be "like a Christmas tree"?

Yes, such is the popular conception. But let me grimly remark that the Christmas tree, whether in the home or on the stage, flourishes but a brief while. In a week or ten days it is ingloriously carted away as rubbish, and the bright baubles which adorned it are saved for use next season.

The absurdity of trying to turn a dramatic oak or evergreen into a tune-bearing tree was deliciously shown in a comedy skit put on by the Dutch Treat Club last Spring, when a scene from Hedda Gabler was "enlivened" by musical-comedy numbers. This was an out-and-out travesty, of course—gloriously so—but it put one in mind of less amusing instances where writers for the professional stage had attempted to "adapt" fundamentally unsuitable plays into musical entertainment. Even highly ludicrous comedy may be unadaptable. For example, the rough-neck family dinner scene in *The Fall Guy,* which is laughed at because of its veracious crudity, would not have the same appeal for a musical-show audience. To the latter truck-driver table manners would not be amusing unless lifted out of the realm of realism into that of sheer tomfoolery.

Romance, gaiety, glamour: these are the qualities demanded. You are in a world of Make-Believe where anything is accepted as plausible provided it pleases. But it must please—vividly.

Mere glitter and tinsel will not suffice. Glamour which is solely on the surface is too unsubstantial to hold the interest of an audience. However fanciful the story, however fantastic the treatment, there must be an underlying reality closer to the human heart than realism—or the audience will not *care.*

MUST CREATE OR ADAPT

THERE are two courses open to the author who is asked by a producer to furnish the book for a musical comedy; he can either undertake to create a story of his own, hoping that it will be a good one, or he can adapt some play which was popular a number of years before, or some failure which had unrealized possibilities. Not infrequently the producer of a farce or comedy hit will have such faith in it as a box-office theme that he will commission an author to turn it into a musical show. For instance, Frazee and *My Lady Friends,* which became *No, No, Nanette.* Fortunately this story was of the "flowering" variety. But sometimes managers have almost equal faith in past successes of theirs which not even a Burbank could induce to bloom.

The adapter, having satisfied himself that the story *is* of the blossoming sort, must set to work as though he were writ-

(*Continued on page* 54)

Photo Wilding, London

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AND HER PIERROT

This charming English artist—soon to be seen again in the new "Charlot Revue"—is noted for her quaint comedy, but that her mood is capable of a more serious vein may be guessed by her face, as the actress fondles reflectively the tragic mask of the world's classic lover

Has This Been Explained to You?

The Greenhorn Is Answered by the People Who Ought to Know

(Second Series)

"WHY ARE PLAYS ALWAYS REWRITTEN DURING REHEARSALS?"

ANSWERED BY ROLLO LLOYD,

Director of "Mismates," "The School Mistress," etc.

A PLAY hardly ever goes into rehearsal that doesn't have to be rewritten—whether it is the product of a skilled dramatist or a mere novice. The reason for this, in general terms, is a lack of effective stage action. The author may have conceived his characters with extreme fidelity, made their motives logical and clear, their psychology sound and their relation to the plot interesting and dramatic. But when they actually step out of the pages of his script and begin to move about on a stage, then their movements must often be regulated contrary to the original conception.

Take an instance to illustrate: the hero is caught, by the lady of his heart, in the act of taking a valuable document from the latter's strong box. The author had built up this scene very effectively—the two lovers standing rigid, the one resolute but abashed, the other perplexed, deeply hurt. Footsteps approach. The girl's guardian appears—accusation—struggle—escape of the hero with the papers.

The director saw here an opportunity for more effective action. He had the heroine slowly advance and hold out her hand. After a mental conflict, the hero handed her the document. She asks him why he took it. He cannot tell her, except that he is protecting her interests. If she will trust him, everything will come out right in the end. She hesitates a second and then, without a word, hands the precious document back into his keeping. The guardian rushes in—accusation—struggle—escape of the hero. By this bit of additional action the director had greatly intensified the scene, injected suspense and a touch of sentiment—but without changing the essential relationship of the characters. A little rewriting was required, but most authors are only too willing to do this when they see that their original idea has been made more vivid.

A director must always respect an author's script, and his chief function is to interpret that script in effective stage action. When he tries to rewrite it himself, he is going beyond his sphere and will sometimes mess up the whole proceedings. His main difficulty is with plays that are filled to overflowing with words—words—words! Oftentimes he discovers that a little stage business will get over a situation which the author had expounded in a half-dozen pages of dialogue. When such a block of dialogue is chopped out it affects succeeding scenes and these have to be rewritten.

An author, in his anxiety to "point" a particular line or situation that will crop up later in the play, often overstresses it. In the manuscript the "pointing" does not seem too evident, but when acted on the stage it stands out like a sore finger. Such scenes or lines of dialogue must be revamped, softened.

Practically the only rewriting necessary on *The Mud Turtle,* the powerful little Western drama in which Miss Helen MacKellar is now playing, was due to the author's desire to plant the fact that a rainstorm would destroy wheat and leave its owner destitute. Mr. Lester, the author, emphasized this bit of information all through the first two acts, but when the lines went into the mouths of living characters, with their accompanying action, it was apparent that they were stressed too much. They were consequently revamped and softened.

"WHY ARE CROOK PLAYS ALWAYS POPULAR?"

ANSWERED BY JAMES GLEASON,

Co-author of "The Fall Guy" and "Is Zat So?"

DID you ever wake up in the middle of the night, nudge your husband in the ribs and whisper: "George—I think there's someone in the house!"? I'll wager the doughnut against the hole that there isn't a family in these United States that hasn't had that chilling, thrilling experience—whether there was anybody there or not. That is the reason, in a nutshell, why crook plays are always popular.

The great, orderly majority of us find a fascination in the adventurous life of the crook, not only because we see ourselves as his potential victims, but because we like to see the methods by which he is worsted in his villainy.

I have an idea that crook plays are also popular because many of us see ourselves—but by the grace of God—walking in the crook's shoes. Social respectability sometimes hangs by a tenuous thread. We are all subject to moral lapses, at some time or other, that may result in unexpected falls from grace. One of the reasons for the popularity of *The Fall Guy,* if I may be permitted to say so, is the fact, not that its leading character is crooked, but that he became crooked, innocently and unsuspectingly—as many of us might under similar circumstances.

Crook plays are full of swift, dramatic action. There is always more interest in the ramifications of tragedy than of comedy. In the crook play human nature is bound to be stripped of its pretense, and that is always fascinating because most lives are largely bound up in pretense and pose.

There are likely to be better characterizations in crook plays than in the ordinary dramatic fare — sharper contrasts, more definite types. For, whatever else may be said of the crook, he is an individualist, he stands out from the average run of humanity. The man or woman who deliberately flouts organized society must possess qualities which would meet reward instead of punishment, if properly directed.

"WHY DO ACTORS AVOID LOOKING AT THE AUDIENCE?"

ANSWERED BY GRANT STEWART,

Recently seen in "The Bride Retires"

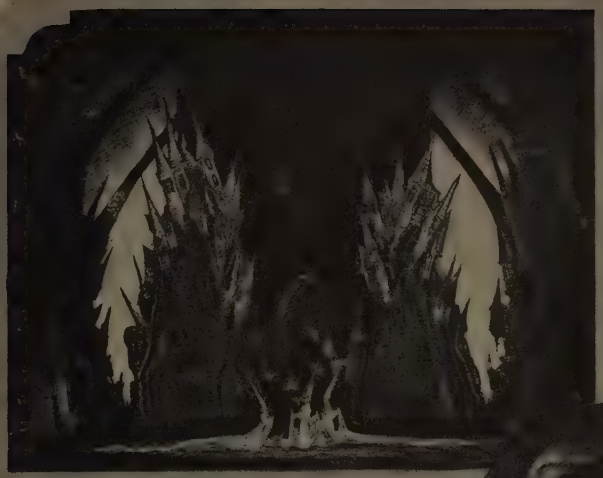
A GOOD actor will not look at his audience for three very good reasons. To begin with, he is not supposed to have an audience. That open side of the stage, beyond which the audience sits, is merely the fourth dimension of the scene. In exterior sets it is the imaginary continuation of meadowland or cloud-strewn horizon. In interiors it is a blank wall, possibly set with imaginary windows or an open fireplace. To the good actor the orchestra and balcony with their tiers of white faces do not exist, yet he is very conscious of them—a psychological enigma which may explain why actors differ so radically from the average of the human species.

Another reason a skillful actor will avoid looking at an audience is because the reaction of those observant personalities is to make him self-conscious and therefore forgetful of the character he is assuming. I have known actors to completely forget their lines when accidentally catching sight of a familiar face in the audience. An actor must always keep in character, "in his circle," as the famous Stanislavsky expresses it, meaning that he must feel the mood of his rôle every minute of the time he is on the stage.

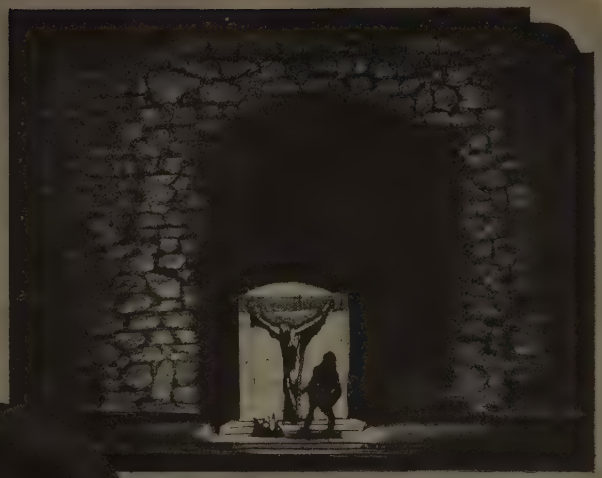
The third reason he should not look at his audience is somewhat the obverse of the foregoing; that is, the individuals in the orchestra seats are likely to be made self-conscious by the gaze of the persons on the stage, and therefore temporarily forget the realism of the play in the reality of the persons they know are playing the parts. I have friends who would rather not sit in the first few rows because of this fact.

Of course, many actors play directly to the audience for the effect they wish to attain. Raymond Hitchock, you may recall, often picks out imaginary friends in an audience and addresses his remarks directly to them. This is permissible in musical comedy or vaudeville. In straight drama, however, looking at the audience is unprofessional. Some actors and actresses do it, often without realizing it. Others take the opportunity, when they are on the stage but temporarily out of the action, of "counting the house." This is done by holding a newspaper, book or sometimes the hand before the eyes, to blot out the glare of the footlights, and gazing into the auditorium to see the size of the audience. The only excuse for this is that a player is anxious about his salary, and that is one thing an artist must never worry about—at least, not in such public fashion.

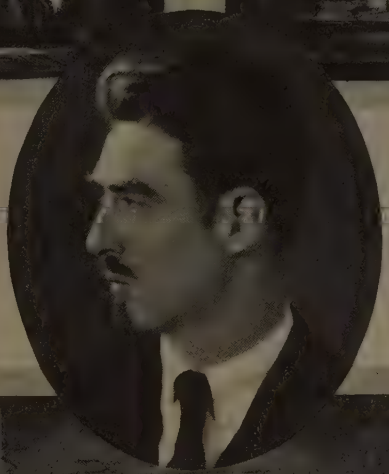
EDITOR'S NOTE.—The first answers in this series "Why Are Box Office Attendants Cranky?"; "Why Are Stage Villains Matinée Idols?"; "Why Are There More Women Than Men on the Stage?"; "Why is the Bald-Headed Row Bald-Headed?" appeared in THEATRE MAGAZINE for September, 1925.



Till Eulenspiegel. Ballet by Waslav Nijinsky to the music of Richard Strauss. Designed for Serge Diaghileff



Setting for *The Fountain.* The Torture of Nano. Play by Eugene O'Neill



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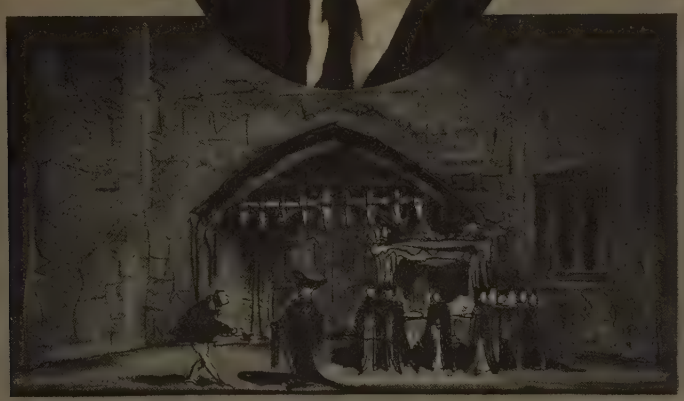
(Oval) Robert Edmond Jones



Richard III. The Wooing of Lady Anne. Setting designed for Arthur Hopkins

Love for Love. Comedy by William Congreve. Designed for the Provincetown Players

The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife. Comedy by Anatole France. Designed for Granville Barker

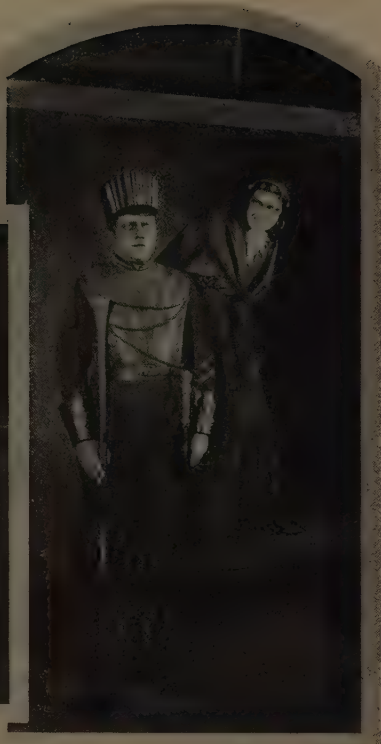
ROBERT EDMOND JONES' TEN YEARS OF SCENIC ART

With the publication of his book "Drawings for the Theatre" and an exhibition of stage designs at the Bourgeois Galleries last month, Robert Edmond Jones offers a retrospect of some of the finest and most imaginative work created in the American theatre. Ten years ago he startled New York with his exquisite setting for "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," his first professional production. To-day with a long record of stage settings designed for comedies, tragedies, opera ballets and masques, he ranks as one of the foremost senic artists, not only in America, but in Europe as well. One of the directors of the Greenwich Village Theatre, he will design the settings for three of their plays to be presented this season, "The Fountain," "The Great God Brown," both by O'Neill, and "When In Rome" by Anderson and Stallings

Photos taken in Soviet Russia, by courtesy of Morris Gest

The eternal gipsy—Olga Baklanova—leading member of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio as Carmencita

Carmencita implores Don José (*Ivan Velikanoff*) to remain with her; an episode from Act II



The struggle begins; a scene from Act I. Carmencita tries to lure Don José to release her

For the last time Don José asks Carmencita to return to him, while the chorus, in rapt foreboding above, watches the tragedy plunge toward its finale

PASSIONATE INTENSITY THE KEY-NOTE OF THE RUSSIANS' NEW "CARMEN"

In "Carmencita and the Soldier," the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio, Morris Gest's Newest Importation, to Be Seen Here Next Month, Retains Bizet's Brilliant Score, Discards the Familiar Libretto, and Goes Back to Mérimée's Original Story for a Gripping Tragedy Worthy of the Music

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

Watch the Expression on His Face

THE experiment of turning that tremendously popular novel, *The Green Hat,* into a play turned out as do most such experiments. Stripped of the enigmatic dialogue, insolent cynicisms, decadent philosophy, artificial smartness, morbid innuendoes, hectic graces which mark Michael Arlen's style—a style all his own and which accounts for most of the book's astonishing vogue, nothing is left but a rather shoddy story—a talky skeleton—which has not even originality to recommend it, for, after all, is it any more than a Mayfair rehash of *Camille*? Napier, Junior (Armand Duval), loves Iris Storm, a wanton (Camille). Napier, Senior (Duval *père*), does his damnedest to separate the two. Finally Iris dies, not of consumption, but in the more modern way, an auto smash-up, and Armand is free to love where he listeth.

That the book has flashes of genius no one will deny. Its morals are detestable; it is in spots subtly and provocatively unclean, the supersophistication and labored cynicism end by getting on one's nerves, the characterization is shadowy and vague, there are stretches of arid patter that make very tiresome and dull reading. But there are many passages of brilliant writing, chapters that fully explain the wherefore of the Arlen *furore.* One of these is the scene on the stairs where the anonymous narrator first encounters the lady with the green hat on her way up to the room of her drink-besotted brother, Gerald; another is the chapter describing the Paris hospital where Iris is desperately ill from septemia and Napier comes with Venice to see her, and that final red-blooded chapter where, in the Harpenden home, the elder Napier, Hilary and the others, confronted by Iris, let her know that, as one of the degenerate Marches, she is forever an outcast from her own class.

Some of these vivid passages have been transferred from the printed page to the stage, not, in every instance, with equal success. It is only when we see Mr. Arlen's shadowy and precious characters in the flesh that we fully realize how vapid and utterly unreal his personages are. The hospital scene, for example, fell in interest far below that of the book. Iris, at the point of death, is made to leave her bed and hobble out in front to fall into Napier's arms, and this with a temperature of 106! A technical necessity, you will say. Granted. But could anything be more preposterous or disillusioning?

The play, on the whole, is well acted. I liked Katharine Cornell in the title-rôle. She fully visualized my own idea of Iris Storm. I thought she failed as the wife in *Tiger Cats,* a feminine voluptuary of not so fine a clay, but with much the same instincts. I did not think her constitutionally suited to express the *libido* of the sensuous, unscrupulous woman. But in this play she does. She is Mr. Arlen's lovely, elegant nymphomaniac, the siren of countless lovers, racked by ceaseless desire. For a woman of Miss Cornell's languid, appealing, elusive personality, I should say Iris was an easy part to play. Anyhow, she plays it and plays it well.

Leslie Howard was, in my opinion, an unfortunate choice for the rôle of Napier. If ever a part called for an actor of unusual personality—fine physique, aristocratic bearing, tall, handsome, magnetic—Iris' vacillating lover does. Mr. Howard is an earnest, well-liked young actor who has met with much favor on Broadway in juvenile rôles, but he lacks the years, the weight, the authority, the individuality to give verisimilitude to the Napier for passionate love of whom Iris went to her death.

Margalo Gilmore was very sweet and attractive as the gentle Venice, and Gordon Ash made a manly and well-bred Hilary.

Plays You Ought to See

ARMS AND THE MAN—Brilliant revival of the old Shaw comedy by the Theatre Guild, with Lynn Fontanne in the rôle of Raina.

COURTING—The story of a Scotch Cinderella. Delightfully acted by a Scottish company from London. A rare treat in the theatre.

CRADLE SNATCHERS—Most amusing comedy farce, showing how three wives, annoyed by flirtatious husbands, adopt desperate remedies. Funniest play in town.

DEAREST ENEMY—Melodious and picturesque operetta of the American Revolution. Beautifully sung, staged and acted.

NO, NO, NANETTE—Excellent entertainment with brisk comedy by Charles Winninger and some remarkable dancing by Louise Groody.

ROSE-MARIE—That *rara avis,* an intelligent musical play! Tuneful, beautiful and decent.

THE FAMILY UP-STAIRS—Humorous comedy, dealing with middle-class American life. Of more than usual merit.

THE VORTEX—Drama satirizing in merciless manner the degenerate life of London's idle rich. Splendid performance by Noel Coward, author of the play, supported by Lillian Braithwaite.

EVERY now and again there appears on the theatrical horizon a new playwright endowed with unusual gifts—an extraordinary, almost phenomenal personality.

An author of this calibre, who recently cropped up in England, has come to America to act in his own play. His name is Noel Coward and he is twenty-six, astonishingly young for a man so amazingly clever and versatile. He has written the lyrics, music and books of a number of London revues and he is the author of half a dozen plays. *The Vortex,* seen at Henry Miller's Theatre and the first of his plays to be given on Broadway, easily explains his success. He has the trick of the theatre, the trick of dialogue, the trick of investing his characters with the semblance of convincing life.

A satirical drama of gay life among the idle rich, *The Vortex* is mostly talk—clever talk, but still talk—during two acts, but at the end of the second act a tremendous climax is reached and in the third the situation is so tense, the acting so real and emotional that the spectators, thrilled and delighted, awakened from their sophisticated apathy, rose *en masse* from their seats and gave the English players an ovation.

The caricature of degenerate London life is caustically, mercilessly done. The hall of the Lancasters' country home is peopled with victims of the social maelstrom—absurd, jaded, pretentious nobodies whose only thought is jazz, mahjong, amorous intrigue. Nicky Lancaster, a temperamental musician, already addicted to the drug habit, comes home from Paris to find his mother, a silly, vain, faded old voluptuary, carrying on a *liaison* with a man half her age. Lancaster, Senior, the ignored head of the house, who has learned to take his wife's eccentricities philosophically, wanders in and out of the action, a serious and rather pathetic figure. The plot thickens when Nicky discovers mother's lover kissing his fiancée, Bunty Mainwaring. He naturally makes a fuss, and Bunty coolly tells him their engagement is off. The young man blames mother for his unhappiness, and in a terrific, sensational scene the son, in a frenzy, tears the mask of pretense from his parent's face, forces her to admit her immorality, reveals to her that he is wrecking his own life with opium and declares her responsible for the family *débâcle.* The understanding at the final curtain is that, by resolving to lead a new and cleaner life, there is still time for both to draw back from the abyss.

In the rôle of the distraught son Mr. Coward showed himself as capable an actor as he is a playwright. He dominates the stage in no uncertain fashion, especially in the dramatic scene at the close of Act II, when, in the splendid climax at the piano, he pounds out on the keys the *crescendo* of revolt and passion, the tumult of agony and humiliation that is raging in his already diseased mind. In the final scene in his mother's bed chamber the force of his frenzy, the depth of his emotion held the audience spellbound.

The piece is not exactly pleasant as to subject. A son attacking his mother with such brutality is hardly an agreeable scene to witness, no matter what her sins may be. The characters are, for the most part, utterly worthless people. But the clever lines, the sophistication and force of the acting, the sincerity of the emotion, the tense human appeal, make one overlook the unsavory theme.

Lilian Braithwaite, who is not a stranger to Broadway, gave an admirable performance as the mother, very droll as the vain, silly wife, pretending to be twenty years younger than she is, poignantly human as the wretched woman who, almost too late, sees to what ruin her vanity has brought her.

A PROMISING and profitable piece is *Outside Looking In,* a comedy from the pen of Maxwell Anderson, which opened the present season of Macgowan-Jones productions at the Greenwich Village Theatre. The play is the first by that author to find the boards since *What Price Glory* established him and his collaborator, Laurence Stallings, as two important figures among the rising native playwrights. There is no disappointment in Anderson's latest job. It is frayed and uneven in spots and much overwritten in others, but the whole picture is potent with fine, vigorous drama and filled with figures that are gloriously alive.

The comedy cannot hope for the success of *What Price Glory.* Its subject will guarantee that. Although I doubt not but that a successful piece might deal with a tramp (page Mr. Chaplin), it is just as manifest that Anderson's grim tale of hoboes born out of Jim Tully's autobiography, "Beggars of Life," can know no popular public.

The play deals with a motley crew of "stiffs" that, meeting on the high road, find among them a young pair of vagabonds, one a girl, who are fugitives from justice. She has done a murder—that of her stepfather—who had seduced her. The discovery of her sex creates a menacing feud in the ranks of the tramps. The leaders desire her, and their quarrel constitutes the play until, at the end, with the police at their heels, they bind together in the loyalty of their lot to cover the tracks of the girl and her young lover, who are sent away safe to the North.

Here is a tale of the primitive, strangely though raggedly told; suggestive continually of the feud and menace of *What Price Glory,* even at the end where the common foe—in this case the law—serves to unite clashing elements. The production is excellent, save for a slowness in the pace of the direction, which at times becomes very trying, and a seeming want of desire to cut a word of the script even in spots where the author himself must be aware of heavy lag. A performance which will last through the coming season and many others as highly memorable is that of Charles A. Bickford, as Oklahoma Red, a happy-go-lucky brute of a tramp. The balance of the cast is, without exception, excellent.

RATHER thin, I thought *The Fall of Eve,* the comedy by John Emerson and Anita Loos, his wife, at the Booth Theatre. The piece serves primarily as a vehicle in which the clever and amusing Ruth Gordon can exploit her bag of tricks. Bereft of the dynamic and droll presence of that actress, the comedy would be both toneless and pointless. Miss Gordon has more or less of a monologue, with the other characters stuck in, no doubt, for the important reason that it takes more than one person to make up a cast.

Miss Gordon, with her semi-grotesque and semi-pathetic effects, scored with almost every line she uttered, every telling gesture that she made. The familiar theme of the jealous wife, who threatens to destroy her own and her husband's happiness and who is herself caught in a compromising situation, again bobs up in this play. A spinster, puritanical and with an unwholesome imagination, which she uses to fire the susceptible Eve, is to blame for most of the domestic upheavals of the young married pair.

Miss Gordon receives her best support from Arthur Albertson, an earnest young man, who has the rôle of the *distrait* husband, and Reginald Mason, as the well-meaning friend of the pair, who nearly precipitates a crash in his efforts to straighten out their marital difficulties.

THAT Willard Mack is a better actor than playwright is something many people have long suspected, but how much better they never quite realized until they sat through *Canary Dutch,* a clumsy rehash of Warfield's old play, *Alias Santa Claus,* which Mr. Belasco recently presented at the Lyceum. What the wizard of Forty-fourth Street saw in this crude, uninteresting old melodrama to justify its resuscitation certainly passes all understanding. Perhaps the most amazing thing about the piece is its almost incredible naïveté. The story is trite and disjointed, the situations stale and archaic. Characters are brought on who have no connection with the action—for example, the boy who has been in jail and breaks down when trying to account to his mother for his absence. Briefly, the tale deals with an old counterfeiter whose long, weary hours in prison have been made lighter by the gift of a singing canary. His term expired, Old Dutch walks out with his canary, a free man. But Nemesis still pursues him in the person of a crafty crook, who, masquerading as a philanthropist, head of the Try Again Home, an association to aid ex-convicts, tempts him to recommence his life of crime by resuming work on a twenty-dollar counterfeit plate left unfinished at the time of his arrest. The reward held out is that the old man shall be reunited with his long-lost daughter, now the wife of a wealthy man. But a sleuth is on their trail, arriving on the scene as Old Dutch shoots his tempter, and father and daughter are at last united.

Mr. Mack gave a surprisingly good performance as the old counterfeiter and well deserved the many curtain calls he got. But I cannot believe that the play itself has a ghost of a chance.

WEIGHTED heavily down by a title several sizes too large for it, *The Book of Charm* opened the Comedy's season with the odds against it. A deft idea, with immeasurable opportunity for fun-making, has gone the way of ponderous direction and a manuscript not yet ready for metropolitan exhibition, yet leaving enough merriment in its wake to give the piece an air of being reasonably good entertainment. One can only wish that more competence had gone into the cooking of this broth, which now has used up a bone of humor from which another more experienced *farceur* might have boiled better fare.

John Kirkpatrick, author of *The Book of Charm* (which, by the bye, is being presented at the moment by Rachel Crothers, suddenly turned both director and producer), has taken to himself an idea that Broadway writers have frequently commented upon in private as exceptional ground for a comedy—that of utilizing in serious vein the rules laid down by the books that pretend to teach the secrets of charm and polish. The Harper family, *père et mère,* in their pathetic effort to keep Ida May from going to the big city and thus perhaps be lost to them forever, attempt to simulate the life that attracts her by the taking on of big-town ways and manners. Aided and abetted by Joe (the Love Interest), they apply the rule of a book of charm to their own activities, and the results make for as grand clowning as have been seen here in seasons. The pity is that, having material as good, Mr. Kirkpatrick could not weave about it a story that was sound in either interest or plausibility. A performance that stood out was that of Elizabeth Patterson as Mrs. Harper, Ida May's ma.

THEATREGOERS of the season of 1901, who have not forgotten the charm of that early play of Clyde Fitch's, *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,* in which Ethel Barrymore as the lively and fascinating Mme. Trentoni made her first appearance as a Broadway star, found little that was reminiscent in *Captain Jinks,* the musical piece at the Martin Beck Theatre, announced as an adaptation by Messrs. Frank Mandel and Laurence Schwab from the Fitch play. With the exception of the stage setting in Act I, which shows the French steamer dock and a Captain of Marines who encounters difficulties in his flirtation with a lovely actress, there is little or nothing of the Fitch story, practically none of the lines and nothing of the picturesqueness of the 1872 period, in which the original scenes, with their quaint costumes, were laid. Nor does the score contributed by Messrs. Lewis E. Gensler and Stephen Jones add much to the gaiety of the occasion. The score is commonplace and lacking in melody. If there are alluring tunes, this reporter did not hear them. As to the humor, some of it is good—the rest more than heavy. Joe E. Brown, as Hap Jones, a comic stableman, does some funny fooling with an ancient steed in a straw hat. Louise Brown makes a sprightly and personable Trentoni and there is a rather snappy chorus and good dancing ballet. Apart from these high lights the proceedings drag. *Captain Jinks* needs a tonic.

OUR old friend the drug quack, though in an anonymous form, puts in his appearance in Arthur Richman's new play, *All Dressed Up,* at the Eltinge. The piece has a decidedly scientific flavor. A scientist, in a zealous effort to view human beings without their social veneer of hypocrisy, puts truth drops in cocktails, which he serves at a family dinner. What he finds out about his relatives and his daughter's fiancé convinces him that it is best to keep primitive man and his savage impulses under cover. While the idea of dual personality is always interesting, somehow the transformation proves a rather tedious process in the dramatic form created by the playwright.

The subjects get under the influence of the truth drug and emerge from it too slowly.

LILIAN BRAITHWAITE AND NOEL COWARD IN "THE VORTEX"

In this remarkable drama—the first of the plays by Noel Coward, the new and youthful English dramatist, to reach Broadway—Mr. Coward appears as a drug addicted son, horror stricken at discovering the immorality of his mother. In the terrific scene, full of bitter recriminations, pictured above, mother and son lay bare their souls

While they are in their transformed state, their actions are interesting enough. However, there is actually only one really dramatic scene and that is an attempted assault, when the daughter of the scientist is attacked and her evening gown almost ripped off by her fiancé, changed from a well-bred, well-controlled youth to a passionate savage. But it requires more than this warm scene to keep a restive audience entertained through the other phases of scientific experimentation.

None of the rôles was particularly outstanding, but all of the members of the cast gave consistently good performances.

GIGOLOS, of the college-bred type, flourish in *Cradle Snatchers,* the mirthful and amusing farce comedy by Russell Medcraft and Norma Mitchell at the Music Box. Here is a genuinely entertaining play, full of laughs, witticisms and smart dialogue. There are three glossy-haired college boys, who hire themselves out to three bored and disgruntled wives, middle-aged, wealthy and determined to punish their philandering husbands. For two thousand dollars the exuberant youths contract to dance attendance on the not-so-young wives, bent on the "sauce-for-the-goose-is-sauce-for-the-gander" punishment.

At first it is feared that the theme may prove a bit unpleasant. But when the fresh-cheeked, *gauche* boys, who lack finesse and the mellow touch of more sophisticated Don Juans, attempt to fulfill their bargains, and the weary, plump and middle-aged wives repel their too ardent advances, the situations prove merely extremely amusing. The first act is a delight. The scene in the second act, where the three wives return from the garden after a stroll with their three hired escorts, could be toned down considerably. It is too exaggerated. The women are wreckage as they appear with their hair down, badly disheveled, slippers off, gowns awry.

Edna May Oliver, as the oldest and more dignified of the trio of wives, does excellent comedy work without striving for effects. Mary Boland gushes and effervesces effectively as the wife who picks the Spanish osteopath as her tame cat; and Raymond Guion, José Vallejo and Raymond Hackett, the cradle snatchers, with their youthful good looks and buoyancy of manner, are excellent foils for the middle-aged wives who employ their services.

Cradle Snatchers is destined to have a long run. Take a tip from me. Don't miss it.

MEN who have forgotten what the word "charm" means as applied to women, theatregoers who, weary of watching the cavortings of the cigarette-puffing young female of the species, have ceased to believe there is any longer such a thing as feminine modesty, should make the pilgrimage to the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, where Archibald Forbes' company of Scottish players from London is appearing in a comedy called *Courting,* the story of a Scotch Cinderella. After the foul, pestiferous sex stuff on which we have been fed for the past few seasons, this amusing, simple, clean little play comes like a breath of Spring bearing the fragrance of a field of heather.

In some respects the piece is not unlike that other Scotch comedy, *Bunty Pulls the Strings,* one of the happiest memories in the theatre. It has less humor and the situations are not so droll, but it is as full of atmosphere and the quaint speech of its simple characters, the sweet, lovely personality of its heroine, hold the audience in a similar spell. Andrew Grant, a prosperous farmer of Glentulloch, a village just out of Glasgow, has brought up his family in the strict Scotch manner. Dancing, they have been taught, is a sin and the fox-trot an abomination. But youth will have its way. Kenneth, the son, desperately in love with Maggie Huston, a local gadabout, has been detected in the heinous offense of kissing her, while his sister Jeannie finds a willing instructor in the fox-trot in Mr. Lindsey, their handsome young English lodger. The minister solemnly warns the farmer between drinks of whisky that the devil's work is going on. Invited to the Laird's county dance, her father sternly forbids Jeannie to go, but for the first time in her life the girl dares to assert herself. She will take her savings, change her calico dress for a ball gown, and "with £40 on her back," hold her own with the prettiest. The belle of the ball, she has the time of her life. There is only one setback to cloud her happiness. The unscrupulous Maggie Huston has inveigled Mr. Lindsey into promising to take her to the ball. When he asks Jeannie for a dance, she refuses, pretending her card is full, although her heart is breaking. It is only later, after the return home, and Mr. Lindsey, chagrined at her inexplicable coldness, is about to pack up and leave, that she listens to his explanations and admits she loves him.

The piece is admirably played, with perfect ensemble and astonishing naturalness. Jean Douglas Wilson, as the Scotch mother, gave one of the best female comedy characterizations I have ever seen. The farmer was capitally done by J. Nelson Ramsey. I also liked Angus Adams as the brother. His talk, gait and gestures were of life itself. Vernon Sylvanie, as the Englishman, gave only a conventional performance. The Elsie Ferguson of Betty Lely promised much at the beginning, but amounted to nothing in the action. The sick episode might well be omitted. It is not funny and verges on bad taste in more senses than one. The part of Maggie Huston was acted with spirit by Denzil Mather, a pretty girl, and the rôle of the minister was in the capable hands of John Duncan.

But the star of the occasion was Jean Clyde, daughter of a distinguished line of Scotch players, as Jeannie. The naturalness and intelligence of her performance and the charm of her sweet personality completely won over the audience. This young Scotch actress is assured a welcome on Broadway as long as she chooses to stay among us.

A MODERN play—that is one dealing with the contemporary customs of its times—that will successfully stand revival thirty years after its original production, speaks volumes for the breadth of view of its author. Usually such pieces creak with the passage of years. The technic is generally outmoded, the style reflects a method long since antedated, the characterization takes on peculiarities that no longer appeal. It is veritable theatrical junk. But *Arms and the Man* was written by a far-seeing author, none less than the garrulous, trenchant George Bernard Shaw. Its renascence by the Theatre Guild is giving radiant pleasure to large audiences, for Mr. Simonson's settings are admirably adroit in their picturesque coloring, and the company, with an exception or two, presents with admirable skill the penetrating irony of this delicious satire on the futility of war and the speciousness of pretension, social and military. The play is still highly to be praised for its pregnant truth and its titillating wit.

Lynne Fontanne is exquisitely droll and piquant as Raina and Ernest Cossart is unctuously comic and stimulatingly diverting as Major Petkof. Pedro de Cordoba brings out with humor the consuming pretensions of Sergius, and Alfred Lunt, especially in the first act, plays Bluntschli with comedy skill and genuine distinction. I thought his later scenes rather faded in outline.

THE pelican, that ill-favored bird with the grotesque bill, has at least one good point—its love for its offspring. The female, it is said, will pluck her breast to feed her young with her own blood. The English authors, F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood, have built on this suggestion an interesting and very human play which, successfully produced in London under the title of *The Pelican,* was recently presented here at the Times Square.

The Heriots are a wealthy English family, proud of their ancestry and unsullied escutcheon. When the play begins, the son, Marcus, an officer in the Camerons, is suing his young wife, Wanda, for divorce. He charges adultery and declares he is not the father of the male child just born. Wanda, who is really innocent, having been goaded into indiscretions by her husband's exacting, meddlesome relatives, makes only a weak defense and the case goes against her. She offers to surrender the boy Robin, swearing that Marcus is the father, but the Heriots reject the offer, still believing the boy a bastard. Seventeen years pass. Wanda, engaged in business in Paris, is engaged to be married to a Frenchman she loves. Robin, who thinks his father dead, is restless to get out into the world. Nothing will content him but to be an officer in the English army. The difficulty is the matter of birth. The London War Office will have to be satisfied as to antecedents. English officers may be stupid, but they must be well born. Mr. Cheriton, former counsel for the Heriots, and now a friend of Wanda's, says only one man has the necessary influence—General Marcus Heriot, all-powerful at the War Office. Much against Wanda's will, Robin goes to the Heriot home, where his likeness to Marcus is at once recognized by Sir John Heriot, now a feeble octogenerian. Marcus claims the boy as his own and comes to Paris to see what can be done to make his son's birth legitimate. He offers to marry Wanda. Indignantly, she spurns the offer. After years of suffering, she is about to be made happy by another man. But gradually she is made to realize what her obstinacy will cost her boy—his birthright, his future, his place in the world, and the curtain falls as sobbingly she takes up the telephone to bid her lover farewell.

Susan, one of the rebellious wives, develops an extra platonic affection for her youthful escort

The cake-eaters enter gleefully into the fun and keep the telephone busy making appointments

The three wives (*left to right*), Susan (*Mary Boland*), Ethel (*Edna May Oliver*) and Kitty (*Margaret Dale*), resenting their respective husbands' attentions to the flappers of the town, decide to hire three young men to make their spouses jealous

Photos Kesslere

Particularly flagrant behavior by the husbands leads the wives to organize a petting party, with disastrous consequences to themselves

"CRADLE SNATCHERS" A LAUGHING SUCCESS AT THE MUSIC BOX

The Attempt of Three Wives to Bring Husbands to Reason Furnishes Material for Amusing Farce

New Plays on London's Stage

Noel Coward's Comedy, "Hay Fever." Success of "The Man With a Load of Mischief." Galsworthy's "The Show"

By J. T. GREIN

Theatre Magazine's Special Correspondent

London, Sept. 1, 1925.

THE Jobs who are filled with lamentations on the state of our drama have had their answer. The sting has been taken out of the witty jibe that Englishmen have plenty of taste, but most of it is bad, for with Ibsen's *Wild Duck* flapping his wings prosperously at the St. James Theatre, Tchekov's *Cherry Orchard* doing well at the Royalty, Pirandello's *Henry IV* in English successful at The Everyman, following the brilliant Italian season at The New Oxford and *The Man with a Load of Mischief* playing to such large audiences at The Haymarket that an extra matinée has had to be arranged, it really seems as though Londoners are taking an interest in the higher drama. All this, it must be remembered, had been achieved in what is usually the dead season, in a Summer blessed by sunny skies and subtropical heat, a June and July filled with the music of the Pipes of Pan calling us to the river, the country and the sea.

IT has become a commonplace of criticism to say that drama is an articulate story presented in action and for critics to complain of verbosity on the stage. Melodrama and farce depend on swift, crude movement. Speed is its very life. No better illustration could be cited than *The Gorilla,* that thrilling-chilling-killing crook play which is now delighting audiences at The New Oxford. Slickness, surprise and cataractical action create a pandemonium of absurdity and excruciatingly funny nonsense. There will always be a place for this good, well-made entertainment, which has no pretensions to literary distinction, and for those who cannot enjoy such fare I should like Charles Lamb to suspect their taste in higher matters.

What is the quality that has made Ashley Dukes, *The Man with a Load of Mischief,* succeed? It is a period play written by a man of to-day, that is it touches Life as we know it, for beneath these fine courtesies we realize that human nature is immutable. It is not a high-brow play dealing with abstractions, for its theme is Love, and it is served with a spice of naughtiness for flavor. The action, however, is never violent nor cinematic and gives time for subtle characterization. But its chief quality is the choice literary expression. Not for many a day have we listened to language so daintily turned and so exquisitely tuned. At the Haymarket we admired it because of its prepossessing frame, designed by Mr. Aubrey Hammond—an old inn, plastered and raftered, fit scene for a comedy of intrigue—and because of the delightful acting. Mr. Leon Quartermaine is a figure out of a poem and Miss Fay Compton a lady out of an Old World dream. Mr. Frank Collier is a rogue who is fittingly hoist with his own petard—and the players and the play create a *'haute comédie* that is both beautiful and memorable.

A PLAY by Mr. Noel Coward is now something of an event and his *Hay Fever* is another comedy not unlike that of Mr. Ashley Dukes in its satirical bite, but written with the haste and the *joie de vivre* of a midsummer madness. It is full of wild, delicious nonsense, its badinage flying merrily like a shuttlecock, and you listen to this frothy facetiousness and laugh in spite of yourself. His situations are comically contrived and again he demonstrates what a master of the theatre he is. His resource is unfailing. With the slenderest materials he spins a web studded with brilliant *bons mots.* This young English author can vie with Sacha Guitry and incidentally giving the reply courteous to his critics, who have suggested that he could not be funny without salacity, he has kept his *Hay Fever* as clean as a whistle. There is nothing more to add, except that Miss Marie Tempest is the soul of the play. She smiles, cajoles, mocks, runs the gamut of comedy acting with such perfection as is a sheer delight.

We Moderns, by Mr. Israel Zangwill, suffers not so much in the matter as in the method. He can talk brilliantly and there are lines which have the compression and comprehension of axioms as though he had summed up experience in a newly minted sentence, but there are others—lines that follow with too much detail growing tiresome. His method is the novelist's and the stage demands economy. Irrelevancy can have no part in the play. Just as the pruning-hook would have strengthened the dialogue so it would have cut out the Russian cook—vivaciously acted though it is. *We Moderns* is a conflict between Victorian parents and a Georgian boy and girl, and Mr. Zangwill draws his men with surer touches than his women. There is a disquieting sense of cliché in the crisis where the dramatist cures these modern rebels by making them face fundamental realities such as childbirth and the fear of death. No, *We Moderns* is interesting on the stage, but it would have been much more engrossing in the *extenso* treatment of the novel.

WHEN I saw Mr. Galsworthy's new play at St. Martin's, *The Show,* I thought of Zola's *J'Accuse.* For this is a fierce indictment of a regrettable modern tendency to interest itself in the police court, the divorce court and the coroner's court and the unscrupulous methods of a certain press to feed that unhealthy appetite. Tragedy to this public is merely "a show." Private feelings are nothing to the law and the press, and we watch these machines roll like a juggernaut over the helpless and innocent victims.

The story is of the simplest. We are called on to witness the agony inflicted on the relatives at the inquest of a distinguished man who has committed suicide. As a play it is relentless in its logic, correct in its details and excelling in thumb-nail sketches. The jury scene is a gem of stern realism. Yet, except for the poor old mother of Miss Haidee Wright, our heart-strings were never touched. We were held in a vise of interest, touched to admiration both of his technique and his courage, but the frigidity of his legal mind kept us spectators.

The acting is altogether excellent. But is this interest in trials regrettable? Are all those who study court proceedings merely prurient and morbid? After all the dramatist seeks to reveal life as seen under the stress of circumstances, and it may well be that the healthy interest of the observer is not the vicious thing Mr. Galsworthy whips, but a normal characteristic of all humanity—the characteristic that sends men to the theatre—the desire to understand "In tragic life God wot passions spin the plot. We are betrayed by what is false within."

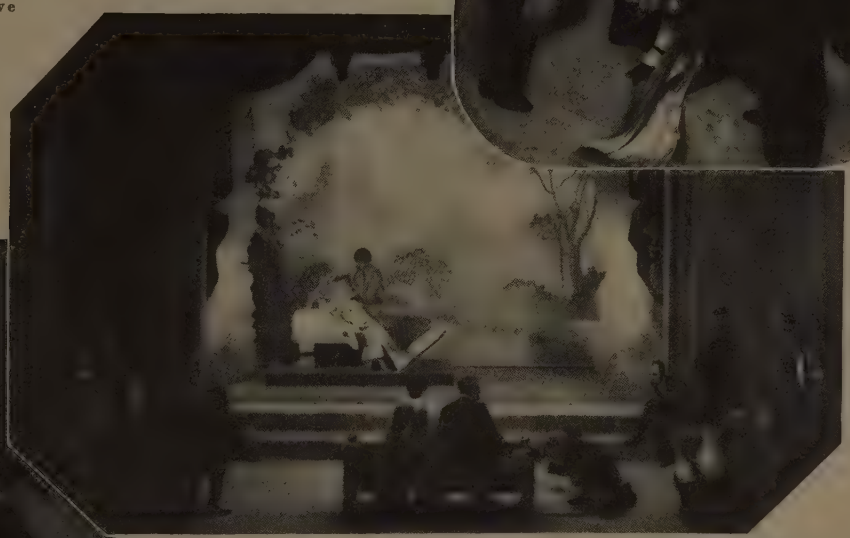
SPACE will only permit me to touch on the manifold activities in that fringe of little theatres that now encircle London. At the Q Theatre we have seen *Comfort,* by Marion Bower, which holds one character at least that was not born on the stage, and *The Czarina,* by Melchoir Lengyel and Ludwig Biro, which is played with such intelligent understanding by Miss Dorothy Dix that it will shortly come center.

At the Barnes Theatre *The Offence,* by Mordaunt Shairp, a new dramatist, strikes such a fresh note that we shall hear more both of the dramatist and his play. The Three Hundred Club produced *The Prisoner of War,* by Mr. J. R. Ackerley—a grim war study dramatizing sheer inertia with devastating effect, while the Phœnix revived that excellent piece of seventeenth-century fooling, *The Rehearsal,* by the Duke of Buckingham, and the Renaissance Society continued their Fletcher tercentenary celebrations with an admirable revival of the old comedy, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.*

With such a record of intelligent drama prospering in London it will soon become evident to the ordinary commercial manager that the average public is not stupid and that plays of quality, plays with ideas and grace of language, plays where action serves its just purpose to reveal character, will always find a public and with these improving standards of taste become a commercial proposition.

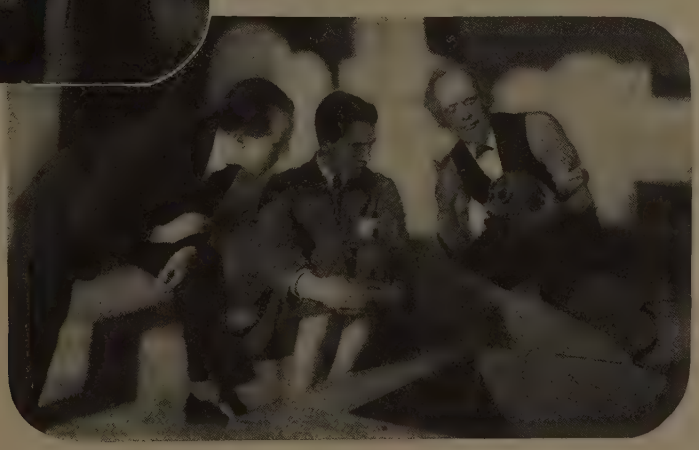
Hamlet (*Colin Keith Johnston*) strains toward the beckoning ghost of his father, while his companions strive vainly to detain him

The brooding Prince of Denmark, harrowed by the knowledge of his father's murder, looks with loathing upon his mother (*Dorothy Messingham*) and King Claudius (*Frank Vosper*)



The Players' Scene, whereby Hamlet startles the King and Queen into silent confession of their guilt

Laertes (*Robert Holmes*) returns to find his father, Polonius, dead, and his sister, Ophelia (*Muriel Hewitt*), bereft of her reason



Hamlet and Horatio (*Allen Howland*) apostrophizing Yorick's skull, unearthed by the first grave-digger (*Cedric Hardwicke*)

Photos by Herbert and Kadel

SHAKESPEARE'S "HAMLET" ACTED IN MODERN CLOTHES

Sir Barry Jackson, founder of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, recently tried in London the experiment of performing Shakespeare's tragedy with the actors attired in the costumes of to-day. Ophelia wore short skirts, Hamlet appeared in a dinner jacket, the Queen had her hair shingled. It was feared that a spectacle so unusual might excite the audience to derisive laughter, but the play made as deep an impression in modern dress as in the trappings of tradition. One critic says: "Shakespeare's victory over time and tailoring was swift and sweeping. . . . Hamlet in a lounge suit loses the familiar majesty and cannot speak in the familiar rhythms of the classic stage, but he gains in actuality"

How to Save the Movies From Stage Blight

Experimental Studios With New People and New Methods to Bring New Life to the Screen

By GILBERT SELDES

I HAVE been publicly accused of having constructive ideas about the moving picture, and gracefully admitting the soft impeachment, I have tried to discover what they are. After surveying everything I have thought about the movies, I find myself with this single proposal: I want the movies to be movies. I would like them to be good movies, but if that is impossible, let them at least be movies.

Of course there is a slight catch in the simple statement, because not everything projected on the screen is a movie. The news reel isn't a movie; nor are the doleful jokes from the *Literary Digest;* nor, in my sense, are at least half of the current feature films. They are, to a great extent, plays or novels or lectures; the camera and the projector and the screen do not make them movies any more than reading Marx's "Das Kapital" with gestures would make that work a play. A movie to me is the product of certain forces working on certain materials; specifically the materials suitable to the screen treated according to the technique of the screen.

It is my feeling that, apart from the question of materials, the stage has had an almost fatal influence on the film, and therefore if there is any constructive imagination at work in the movie business, steps should be taken to eliminate everything that is of the stage in the presentation of work on the screen. The moving picture, if it had come at a period in our theatre when romance and fantasy were top dog, could have adopted certain things—things equally suitable to the new medium—with advantage. But actually the movie arrived at the very high point of realism—which meant then dry-rot accuracy—on our stage, and it took over the wholly irrelevant ideals of the realistic stage. Once inoculated with this poison, the movie hasn't been able to shake it off. The latest "great" picture I have seen, *Mme. Sans-Gêne,* submerges everything really "movie" under waves of authentic scenery, down to the actual snuff-boxes and chessmen used by Napoleon, and spends priceless "footage" on subtitles advertising this quite extraneous authenticity. What one wants in *Mme. Sans-Gêne* is what the old Réjane production gave it, story and movement and humor; above all, imagination. The present version is feeble in imaginative quality and strong only in historical detail; it is far more a document than a movie.

REALISM VS. ACCURACY

THIS question of realism, of accuracy, strikes to the very heart of the movie's problem, because in the movie it has meant the virtual abdication of the imaginative process. Instead of giving us things as they might be, of showing us human beings who are real because the movie has made them real, the directors have been satisfied to win from their audiences the admission that "that is the way people act in real life." They have jumbled incredible emotions and insufficient motives in the utmost security because *on the surface* everything looked real and in the close-ups twice at least as large as life. That the camera ought to *transpose* actuality, as painting or sculpture or fiction does, has occurred only to an obscure few of our directors. That a work of art is distinguishable from a mechanism or a concoction by having a life of its own, an internal rhythm and a structure and a style, has occurred to even fewer.

STALE PLOTS AND BAD ACTING

NEXT to realism, the most dangerous habit adopted by the movie from the stage is the theatrical attitude toward plot. The movie can tell a story and probably should be made to do so; but the well-made plot which still holds on like grim death to the stage, although not so securely as a generation ago, is not at all necessary to the screen. The movie with its shifting scenes has an entirely different set of probabilities from those obtaining on the stage; it has a different art of preparation and can develop suspense and climax in ways the stage cannot. These things affect the kind of story which the film can carry, and the stage plot with its economy and staleness is wholly out of place.

Third of the unhappy importations is the stage habit of acting. It is hard to be specific on this point except negatively. I ask, then, has the moving picture developed a technique of playing which is actually its own? Isn't even the badness of film acting only the badness of stage acting exaggerated and made more visible and more painful? Pantomime, which might have been a safer guide than stage gesture, was discarded early; early, too, went the naïve playing of the obscure film men and women of the days before the stage invasion. The comedies drew from the fresher and more fluid technique of burlesque and vaudeville, adapted this technique to their own uses and presented us with something actually cinematographic; in the person of Chaplin gave us our only real taste of a system of playing which is distinctly made for and by the camera. Stage acting, conditioned by the physical appearance of the stage and by the necessity of suiting gesture to the spoken word, is wholly unnecessary in the movies.

And now for the practical and constructive proposal. I suggest a studio which shall be really a study. Let four or five companies combine to establish one studio in the East and one in the West, and let these studios be purely experimental. Let them be open to directors as places to work in, to study the camera and its possibilities, to use new people and new methods. I would suggest that in order to cure the blight of the stage, each director be invited, although not compelled, to do certain things with which the stage cannot traffic: let us say, one reel of some common fairy tale, one reel of Gargantua, one of "Gulliver's Travels," one episode of an adventurous serial thriller and one film as romantic as *The King of Alsander.* In order to let the experimentation be entirely free, let there be a definite limit on the outlay and no compulsion to make the film popular; in order to prevent artiness, let it be understood that these experiments may be shown and that it is hoped that a reasonable number of people will pay to see them.

The main thing would be that each director would be encouraged to create for each of these films a mood, a *tempo,* a form, as well as a way of using light all his own. Each one could develop his personal style, so that something more than tricks and the degree of lavishness would distinguish a Griffith from a de Mille. At present the only experimentation a director can have consists in taking a scene three times over, each one as near to the other as can be, and then choosing the least offensive. With such a studio as I suggest a director might try the German method of rehearsing the scene and shooting it when it is perfect, with no waste of film. A director could discover whether the captionless method of *The Last Laugh* is applicable in its entirety to the American type of film and whether the backgrounds of *Caligari* can be adapted to other things.

At the same time the director could experiment with the plastic possibilities of the screen; he could study design, could try to discover what can be done with inanimate objects, with moving paintings and with human beings treated as "mass." He could certainly, for let us say one month a year, dissociate himself from the habits of stage acting and stage directing. He could rediscover the moving picture.

RE-EDUCATE THE FILM MEN

IT seems to me that the essential thing for the movies to do now is to re-educate its directors. I do not blame those now at work; the movie represents such appalling sums of money that there can be no moral liberty for a director—he has to deliver the goods. They are extremely hard-worked individuals and they stand between the financiers and the stars, an unenviable position. The experimental studio takes them at one step from both of their obligations; unless a star chose to come there and learn something about playing, I think the studio would work best with aspiring and unknown players, unspoiled by much previous contact with the film.

Free the director and give him a chance to try new things, and I am sure that the mere mechanical force of the camera will result in pictures richer in fantasy, more powerful in imagination than those we

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Photo Strauss-Peyton

Cupid has been busy this summer among the players. Jeanne Eagles, so long the star of the highly successful "Rain," gave Broadway a surprise recently by announcing her marriage to Edward Harris Coy, the New York banker. Miss Eagles has no present intention of leaving the stage. She resumed her rôle of Sadie Thompson in "Rain" last month

A Study in Scurrility

Advocating Not Less Liberty But More Art in the Theatre

By MARC GOODRICH

SLOWLY, but conspicuously, the New York stage has been increasing the potion of filth that it deems necessary to the painting of its pictures.

During the last season the flood of nastiness reached almost to the proportions of a tidal wave—a tidal wave that was greeted with squeals of approbation and prompt financial remuneration by those who delight in filth for filth's sake, and with panicky demands for summary suppression by those whose virtue is hypersensitive and those who understand but imperfectly the anatomy and destiny of such waves.

Despite the fact that there was very little about this wave that was not characteristic of those that periodically have swept across every major theatre since the Greek, it has left in its wake a great litter and wreckage of words, abstractions, contradictions, muddled thinking, flabby dialectic and wretched dramatic criticism. The news and editorial columns of the journals, in most cases, writhed with efforts to indicate a praiseworthy repugnance of the dirty shows and at the same time not to betray art by seeming to lean toward that "criminal," "heinous" abstraction, "Puritanism." Everybody entered the battle; but no one engaged in it skillfully; the dramatic critics proved pretty thoroughly that what is most needed in the American Theatre to-day is a competent, or at least well-informed, body of critics. Through the whole mess there seemed to run but a single vein that led to any sort of unanimity, and that was the difficult conclusion that there actually was such a thing as filth, but the problem of drawing the line where realistic art left off and unnecessary obscenity began was unsolvable. Mr. Heywood Broun, of the *World,* exuded the dank bit of bravado that he felt he might well die happy because he had lived to see the production on a New York stage of a play which uses, as an expletive for small talk, a reeking vulgarism for syphilis.

OUR PLAYWRIGHTS UNRESTRAINED

THERE appears to be no trace in the record of civilization of an important nation more interested in the theatre and at the same time more free from official dramatic censorship than the United States. Plays that were frowned upon in Greece, proscripted in England or prohibited in France have been produced here with lucrative impunity, and never for a second has there existed here a code or policy that perverted to the uses of politics a censorship designed ostensibly to be purely moral. Such a censorship, for instance, as that which stopped the production of *Tartuffe* in France and once made playwriting in Spain and Italy a precarious business. In the recent excitement about unclean dramatics, some overpatriotic New Englanders tried to put this old malpractice into operation against *Desire Under the Elms,* a great play by Eugene O'Neill; but when it turned out that what they considered "obscene" in the play was "obscene" mainly because it was applied in criticism or exegesis of New England, the play remained unmolested.

JEREMY COLLIER'S FAMOUS ONSLAUGHT

THE rottenness in the Restoration comedies flourished not merely because London's two theatres were preëmpted by men who, for sound physiological reasons, were forced to throw themselves upon the flagellatory barbs of the interesting, and often entertaining, symptom called "wit" to achieve emotional stimulus, but also because the appetites of play-hungry London ran wild for a natural period after the Cromwellian abolishment of the playhouses, and because the theatres, for once, enjoyed a wholesale, if temporary, protection by the reigning politics and became almost the symbol of political sympathy. It got to the point at one time where if one so much as hinted that a popular playwright had done his job a trifle ineptly, the critic ran some danger of being branded as "against the theatre" and therefore against the monarchy.

It was partly for this reason that the wits were so disconcerted by the brilliant, startlingly courageous, and for the most part cogent, onslaught of the non-juror, Jeremy Collier. It seems to have been their notion that by a fortunate series of accidents and prejudices their world had been made safe for their dirty pictures and filth-splashing pens; and they waited with perhaps no little smirking certitude for the immediate incarceration of Collier on the grounds of treason when he published his "Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage." Their certitude would seem not to have been strained. Collier, to quote Macaulay, "was under the frown of power. His name was already a mark for the invectives of one-half of the writers of the age when, in the cause of good taste, good sense and good morals, he gave battle to the other half."

But the wits were disappointed. England, despite Collier's political enmity to both Puritans and William, rose almost in a body to his support: it accepted him as the symbol of its gagging over the stuff that the filth monoply had been sluicing into the theatres. Dryden at once made an almost tearful public reformation, others less openly followed suit, and Congreve, the most brilliant and successful of the wits, made an answer to Jeremy Collier that is, it may be, unsurpassed in witless viciousness, cheap equivocation, hysterical frustration and general muddled-headedness. It clinched Collier's victory; and Congreve, in a sort of ineffectual petulance, ceased writing plays.

In the United States the case is different in these respects: the theatre symbolizes nothing politically; it has suffered no governmental, arbitrary suppression from which it is necessary to break forth wildly; and the uncleanness that is being purveyed has neither the wit nor the ingenious rowdyism that mitigated much of the Restoration drama. This last differentiation was emphasized during the past season when two of Congreve's plays ran unmolested, while good sense saw to the amelioration of such meritless, commercial sewerage-distributors as *The Good-Bad Woman, The Harem* and *Ladies of the Evening.* Psychology has established that mentally and emotionally some human beings remain throughout life at the age just preceding puberty, when writing dirty phrases and nasty words on fences assumes the aspect of high adventure. It is for such defectives as these in the population that the current type of filth theatre is provided: great, dark auditoriums where these unfortunates may gather in damp, giggling mobs and embarrassedly wallow in a democracy of puerile obscenity.

Any intelligent man, not biased by a dialectical prejudice, will admit that there is not much more difficulty in drawing the line betwixt where mental and moral foods leave off and poisons begin than there is in drawing the line betwixt where physiological foods leave off and poisons begin. Catastrophic as it may appear at first glance, there must exist and operate, if people are to live in huge, congested, cooperative communities, some mechanism for the restriction of mental and moral poisons such as exists for the restriction of physiological poisons. And if at such a conclusion the short-distance thinkers shout, "What about Freedom! Liberty!" one has but to demand a definition for either of these abstractions in terms of any complicated civilization that has ever existed to reduce the shouters to a medley of meaningless phrases.

DISCIPLINE, NOT LIBERTY, OUR NEED

THUS, to reserve the right to ingest and distribute to the community poisons and diseases simply for sweet Liberty's sake is to reduce Liberty to an absurdity; and to resort to the shop-worn sophistry of saying that people do not have to eat the poisons or catch the diseases unless they want to is merely an uncogent trick of defeated argument. Similarly, to defend the use of blatant scurrility as a privilege of realistic art in the theatre is just about as intelligent as defending those zealots who emplaced an actual cage on the painting of a lion in the name of realistic art in painting. The ascent of man from the mud, through floods, jungles of horrific beasts, storms of bewildering diseases, famines, wars, earthquakes and innumerable self-made hells has been achieved not through what is flippantly designated as "Liberty" or "Freedom," but through Discipline; and it is on

(*Continued on page* 56)

White

LUCILLE MENDEZ

Not only can this personable South American dancer "walk in beauty like the night," but she also knows how to jazz about in a loveliness which is brilliantly volcanic, as will soon be proven when she appears in a new musical comedy, named to suit her antics, *Merry, Merry*

Goldberg

CATHERINE CRANDELL

Beautiful dancer of the last *Greenwich Village Follies*, who recently appeared in Mexico City and upset the belief of local belles that the South has a monopoly of feminine pulchritude which is dark and romantic

Goldberg

TRINI

The languorous, rich beauty of this terpsichorean artist from Spain explains why olive complexions and smouldering glances are now being extensively worn along the Avenue

BEAUTIES OF THE DANCE

Fair Performers to Whom Nature Gave the Double Gift of a Comely Face and a Graceful Limb

Photo White

Louise (*Ruth Nugent*) introduces her young man (*Harold Elliott*) to the family

The Family Up-stairs

Comedy in Three Acts, by Harry Delf

VAUDEVILLE is now contributing playwrights to the stage. Harry Delf, young vaudeville artist, is the author of this entertaining comedy of middle-class family life. The play reveals the small bickerings between members of a family otherwise closely knit by love and is almost photographic in quality. The following condensation is published by permission of the author and the producer, Sam H. Harris. Copyright, Harry Delf.

THE CAST

(As produced at the Gaiety Theatre)

Joe Heller	Walter Wilson
Emma	Clare Woodbury
Louise	Ruth Nugent
Willie	Theodore Westman
Annabelle	Lillian Garrick
Charles Grant	Harold Elliott
Mrs. Grant	Enid Gray
Herbert	Sidney Salko
Miss Callahan	Norah Ryan

THE entire action of the play takes place in the parlor of the Hellers, a middle-class family. They live in a five-room, walk-up apartment up-town. The painters and paper-hangers are busy doing over the dining-room, and they are using the parlor as a general utility room, even serving dinner there. Within the room is furniture that was given to them twenty-three years ago—Mama and Papa's wedding gift. The family is not poor, neither is it rich, but manages to eke out a living with all the members working.

The approach of the dinner hour finds Annabelle, twelve years of age, practicing her piano exercises, pounding away at a familiar finger exercise.

ANNABELLE (*calling off-stage*): Mama!

MOTHER (*off-stage*): Yes?

ANNABELLE: Can't I stop practicing now?

MOTHER: No. You haven't practiced fifteen minutes yet.

ANNABELLE: Oh, yes, Mama, I have. I've practiced two minutes more than a half-hour now. I began at twenty-two minutes after six and it's now four minutes to seven.

MOTHER: You practice until seven o'clock.

ANNABELLE: Oh, why, Mama, I know it fine. (*Mother enters. She carries a pot with something in it, which she stirs while speaking.*)

MOTHER: You only practiced your finger exercises, Annabelle. Let me hear you play your new piece.

Mother argues and scolds her young daughter for neglecting to practice her music lessons regularly. Finally she orders her to play her new piece.

ANNABELLE (*makes the following announcement as instructed by Miss Schneider, her teacher*): I will now play "Rustles of Spring," by Sindling. (*Sits at piano, starts to play, counting aloud as she does so. Plays a couple of bars, makes a mistake and stops.*)

MOTHER: See how well you know it! You'll come up from the street at four o'clock to-morrow and practice.

ANNABELLE: Well, I can't count and play at the same time.

MOTHER: All right, go ahead. I'll count for you. Ready, go! One, two, three, four.

While Annabelle is trying to keep tempo with her mother, who continues to stir, with her temper rising gradually, the telephone rings.

MOTHER (*at phone*): Hello. . . . (*To Annabelle*): Go ahead, Annabelle; one, two, three, four. . . . Willie? (*She listens into phone, then calls*): Willie! Darling, for you. One, two, three, four.

Willie enters. He is a seventeen-year-old cake-eater, who likes the girls. He wears the typical tight-fitting coat with three buttons in front and a bow tie.

WILLIE: Thanks, Ma.

Willie goes to the phone, tries to talk, but Annabelle's counting confuses him as he makes an effort to understand a telephone number which a boy friend is giving him. He makes an engagement for the evening, one in which several girls figure. Annabelle finishes her practicing and departs, after begging for a nickel spending money.

MOTHER: That child is getting me crazy. She'll be a stenographer like her sister when she grows up. It's a waste of money, I tell you. Did you hear her playing that Spring thing?

WILLIE: Was that Spring?

MOTHER: Wasn't it terrible?

WILLIE: That was the hay-fever.

MOTHER: Just throwing out good money. A lot of thanks I'll get for it. A dollar an hour! No wonder I've got gall-stones. Skimp and save to give my children an education and this is the thanks I get. She'll be just like her sister, not even know how to talk to a man when she grows up. Another wallflower. (*Sighs at this great worry.*)

WILLIE (*who has been at cabinet brushing his hair, now goes to the settee*): Aw, what are you always worrying about that for? Louise will get a husband—there's a lot of guys who ain't so particular.

MOTHER: That's my only hope, I guess. Twenty-one years old last March, and not even a prospect.

ESTELLE WINWOOD

As Lady Elizabeth Neville, a spirited English beauty of the court of Charles II, the part she played in *The Buccaneer*, a romantic comedy by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings, written about the gay adventures of Captain Henry Morgan, the notorious pirate. Miss Winwood's flair for exotic characters of dash and distinction ideally suits her for the rôle of the woman who conquers a daring and ruthless fighter

Photo White

WILLIE: Well, twenty-one ain't so old.

Mother and Willie discuss Louise's lack of beaux and her far from promising matrimonial possibilities. Willie then goes to the phone and calls up a girl, making an appointment to meet her and their friends at the drug-store that evening. Father enters and overhears the telephone conversation.

FATHER: Hello! (*Goes to sofa, takes off coat and cap and gets newspaper out of pocket.*) Well, did you get a job?

WILLIE: Well, you see it's this way, Pop.

FATHER: Well, you see, it's this way. I want to see you out of your bed at seven-thirty tomorrow morning—do you hear me?

WILLIE: Well, I ain't got anything to get up for.

FATHER: Well, you get up and look for something to get up for.

WILLIE: I'm going to get a job soon—Rome wasn't built in a day.

FATHER: I KNOW it. They WORKED for YEARS.

WILLIE: Look at Rockefeller and Carnegie and fellows like that. They all had to work their way up, didn't they? And they didn't have any father that's always calling them a lazy bum.

FATHER: You are a lazy bum.

WILLIE: There you go. I'm not.

FATHER: You're a cake-eater, that's what you are. But you won't be much longer. NOT CAKE. You won't even get a crust of BREAD if you don't work for it.

Father continues to reproach Willie for playing pool, smoking cigarettes and refusing to go either to work or to school. Willie excuses himself by saying that he intends to go into politics. Mother enters the room and starts preparations for serving dinner there. She tries to stop the bickering between father and son.

FATHER: Why can't he be like other boys? Stay home one night and read or take his sister Louise out?

WILLIE: There it goes again—THAT'S the reason for all the trouble around this house, just because Louise ain't married.

The entire family discusses Louise and her lack of matrimonial prospects, father being the only one who is optimistic about her future. Louise, the older daughter, an attractive young woman, apparently of fine character, dressed very plainly, returns from work. After a few pleasantries, they all sit down to dine.

LOUISE: Mother, are you and Father going to the movies to-night?

MOTHER: No, I don't think so. I'm going to stay home and fix your skirt. Why? Are you going out?

LOUISE: No. I'm going to have company, and I wondered, on account of the dining-room being all messed up from the painters——

MOTHER: You can come in here. I'll go in my room. What time are the girls coming?

LOUISE: It isn't the girls. I'm expecting a young man. (*They all drop their knives and forks at this unheard-of speech, much to Louise's embarrassment.*)

MOTHER: Who is the young man, Louise?

LOUISE: You don't know him, Mother. I met him a few months ago at a party.

MOTHER: What's his name?

LOUISE: Grant. Charles Grant.

Mother asks many questions about the young man.

MOTHER: What does he do for a living?

LOUISE (*sarcastic*): Mother, please—I'm not marrying him, he's only visiting me.

Mother finally finds out that he's a teller in a bank, that he's coming to call at eight o'clock and that he intends to take Louise on an outing—a boat ride on Sunday. She continues to fuss, wondering whether the young man's attentions are serious, whether the house is presentable, whether the daughter will play her cards well.

MOTHER (*to Louise*): You have your own life to live, and if you can't get a fellow *now* you never will. I'm your mother, and no one in the world loves you as much as I—and I'm telling you—get MARRIED.

LOUISE: Mother, if you'd only realize that the more you talk of it the worse you're making it you'd stop. You forget, I'm a young lady, Mother—I'm not a child any more. I resent being told these things, particularly in front of Willie.

While Louise and her mother leave the room to dress, Annabelle and Willie clear off the table. There is a knock at the door, and Charles Grant, the caller, enters. He is quiet, unassuming, modest, dressed plainly and neatly. He and father get acquainted, and the young man confides that his father is dead and that he is taking care of his mother and young brother. Father leaves the room and Mother enters. She is immediately up to her old trick of bluffing, to make a good impression.

Photo White

If there's one thing Annabelle balks at it is being made to practice, but Mrs. Heller has social ambitions for her daughter and will stand no nonsense

CHARLES: Mr. Heller says that you're having the flat done over.

MOTHER: The apartment? Oh, yes. We won't move out for another year yet anyway. In the meantime we are having new wall-paper put up. We haven't decided what we are going to do in this room. We may have some nice frescoing put up and then again we may wait until we get our new parlor furniture. (*Coughs importantly.*)

CHARLES: The furniture looks fine, I think.

MOTHER: Oh, no, we intend to buy a lot of new things this Fall—now that Louise is having so many young men callers.

Louise enters the room, and she and Charles discuss the coming picnic. Willie interrupts long enough to telephone, canceling his engagement for that night. Louise explains that his father has made him stay home to answer want ads about a job. The conversation between Louise and Grant finally leads up to a declaration of his love.

CHARLES: Can't you see, dear, I love you? If I thought it would be fair to you—if I could ask to wait for a while? (*Embraces her impulsively, releases her.*) I only make a small salary now—hardly anything—but it won't be for long. I'll make good, Louise, I'm sure of it, dear. I'm studying nights until all crazy hours of the morning. In a very short time the whole world will be ours and I'll have two sweethearts to work for—you and Mother. I know I'll make good.

Louise and Charles agree that they can begin their married life on his forty-dollar-a-week salary, and Louise exacts a promise from him that he will not tell her family just yet of their engagement. Charles departs, after Louise explains that she would like to be alone with her new-found happiness. Mother enters the room.

MOTHER: Gone? He didn't stay very long. What a lovely, sweet young man he is. It wouldn't be our luck that you could get a boy like him. You had better go to bed now. Good night.

* * * * * * *

THE second act opens on Sunday morning, the day of the outing. Father is sitting in the parlor reading the Sunday paper. Mother and Louise are preparing the picnic luncheon. Charles Grant arrives and Mother again entertains him with her boasting. She tells him that she wants her husband to buy a five-passenger sedan.

CHARLES: That would be fine, wouldn't it?

MOTHER: Surely. And then Louise would enjoy a car, too. So many of her friends have one. Have you a car, Mr. Grant?

CHARLES: No.

MOTHER: Don't you like machinery?

CHARLES: Yes, but right now now I don't think I can afford one.

MOTHER: I see.

Mother continues to boast about her family and Louise in particular.

MOTHER: Of course Louise is really the bright one, but then she's always read a lot of good books and she went to high school. She's always been a great reader. It's just that we wanted to keep her mind occupied that we consented to let her go to business. Not that we have so much, but it's much nicer work and more genteel than housework. Oh, yes, yes. You see, we don't like to see Louise work around the kitchen. I don't even let her help me for that reason. I always say the kitchen is for maids. Don't you agree with me, Charles?

Mother departs to learn what is detaining Louise. Soon Louise enters the room, and, after a few words of greeting, asks:

LOUISE: Charles, what was my mother saying to you while I was dressing?

CHARLES: Louise, you believe I meant every word I said to you the other night, don't you?

LOUISE: Yes, Charles.

(*Continued on page* 62)

Carlo Leonetti

THE ACTOR OF THE MONTH——CHARLES A. BICKFORD

***This** interesting and forceful player gives, in his characterization of Oklahoma Red in Maxwell Anderson's play of hobo life, "Outside Looking In," the most realistic and vivid picture of a "prince of the road" ever seen on our local stage*

S·C·R·E·E·N·L·A·N·D

"The Merry Widow." Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush." "Siegfried." "The Wanderer"

By RICHARD WATTS, Jr.

IT remained for Eric von Stroheim, so cordially damned by the more tender-minded among the film reviewers for the ugly realism of his grim masterpiece, *Greed,* to give the screen its finest romance. Revealing a gift for the beautiful as authentic as his talent for Zola-esque tragedy, the brilliant Teuton has turned that famous old operetta, *The Merry Widow,* into a gay and amusing romantic comedy that is as lovely pictorially as anything the cinema has beheld.

Outside of the great photographic beauty and the delightful pantomime of *The Merry Widow,* its excellence and its importance to the screen are due chiefly to the director's refusal to sentimentalize over romantic attachment. In the first part of the picture he has shown the progress of the infatuation between Prince Danillo and the Irish-American dancer, Sally O'Hara, and has traced the path of the pursuing male with an intelligent regard for the physical side of the affair. The result is a series of really brilliant pantomimic scenes that are fresh and amusing to a high degree. Yet for all the suave sophistication of this section of the photoplay, the high romantic mood of the comedy is never lost.

In the second section of the film the story grows a bit more conventional, when marriage, self-sacrifice and other familiar ingredients of sentimental film romance enter the story. But even here the direction of Von Stroheim is so shrewd and ingenious that the story never becomes commonplace.

Some of the scenes in the picture really are masterpieces of pictorial effectiveness. The scenes showing the duel between Danillo and his cousin, the Crown Prince Mirko, in the early morning mist and the funeral of the old King of Monteblanco are particularly handsome. The entire picture has been photographed with a keen regard for soft outlines and the most effective arrangement of light and shade. The shots showing the mountainous, snow-clad kingdom of Monteblanco, where so much of the story takes place, are likewise thoroughly beautiful.

Von Stroheim reveals once more in *The Merry Widow* his genius for atmosphere. The ancient Balkan kingdom, the petty court with its middle European courtiers, and finally the cafés and salons of Paris are done to perfection. It is hard to believe that some of the scenes were not actually made in Eastern Europe rather than in Hollywood, where directors can make even ancient Egypt look not unlike modern America.

BUT, after all, Von Stroheim's greatest triumph is this—he has made a first-rate actress out of Mae Murray. In the past this decorative lady has ruined her performances with annoying mannerisms, but here she plays with sure skill and a fine, moving simplicity. Her portrayal is most amazingly devoid of the usual tricks of the movie ingénue.

John Gilbert's portrait of the gallant Prince Danillo is likewise admirably done. The usual romantic hero of the screen so often drives the more sensitive spectator from his seat shrieking in impotent rage that the deft, engaging performance of Gilbert seems little short of a masterpiece.

John Ellis

IRENE RICH

Who, under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch, will be screened as Lady Erlynne in the Warner production of *Lady Windermere's Fan*

But the first acting honors of *The Merry Widow* really belong to Roy d'Arcy, whose impersonation of the degenerate Crown Prince Mirko is a gorgeous satire on decadent royalty. D'Arcy is a discovery and protégé of Von Stroheim, who has imparted to him much of his own manner from the days when the director used to play wicked Huns in patriotic war melodramas. This brilliant newcomer among screen villains achieves the feat of making Mirko a sneering, sadistic royal cad and yet somehow always engaging and likeable.

A delightful accompanying score for the picture has been arranged from the Lehar music, surely the most engaging light melodies ever penned. This music adds immeasurably to the charm of the photoplay. But it is to Von Stroheim, above all, that the credit for the creation of the screen's most charming romance belongs. Once more he demonstrates that he is the one positive genius among screen directors.

THE GOLD RUSH

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has said that *The Gold Rush* is the picture by which he wants the public to remember him, and, after witnessing it, one can understand his feeling. It is not the most hilarious nor the most ingenious of the comedies from the studio of the screen's most eminent figure, but in no other film farce has the genius of a great actor stood out so strikingly.

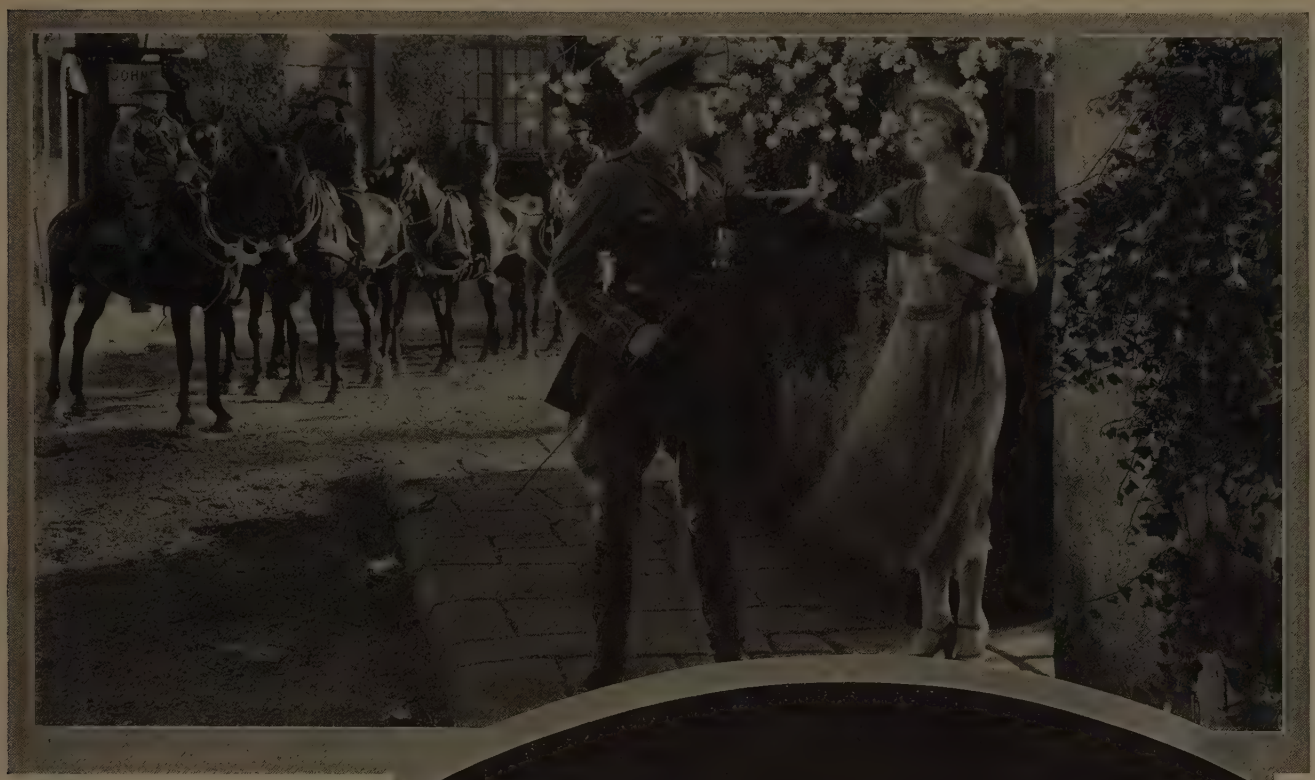
The Gold Rush presents the first full-length portrait of the American Pierrot, that bedraggled little figure with the battered derby, the mustache and the cane, who has become America's most widely known contribution to the modern imagination. Of late there has been a tendency to laugh at those ardent intellectuals who have proclaimed Chaplin a tragic being, who have declared that his superb clowning represented but a small part of his genius. Perhaps wisely, the public has gone on reveling in the little comedian for the laughter that is in him.

In making the present picture, apparently Chaplin has determined that the more serious side of him should be brought out so definitely that no one could fail to see it. The result is that the comedy is more full than any of the other of his photoplays, of drama and pathos. Now it happens that the little Englishman can be just as wistful and sympathetic a person in comic situations as he is in the more dramatic sections. Yet it must be confessed that in his purely humorous pictures Chaplin has never given such convincing proof of the truism that he is one of the greatest of living actors.

Everyone must know by now that *The Gold Rush* shows Chaplin as a lonely little prospector in the Yukon. The picture really is an epic of loneliness for always Chaplin is a wistful outsider, the outcast from a heedless civilization. Even at the end of the film, when fortune has come to him, he remains just that. It is one of his greatest acting triumphs that he shows you this so unmistakably.

Just because of this emphasis on the pathos, it must not be thought that *The Gold Rush* is not amusing. Chaplin has too magnificent a sense of the ridiculous for it to fail him in one of his productions. In fact, the film contains some of the most glorious comic inventions the cinema has known. There is in particular the incident of the Oceana Roll, performed with the aid of two buns and a pair of forks, that is almost unbelievably funny. And there are any number of other scenes, any one of which would make the success of the average film comedy. Another virtue of the picture is the beauty of some of the early scenes that are not unreminiscent of *Grass.*

The supporting cast, of course, is subordinated to the work of the star, but that does not prevent Mack Swain from giving



Hilary Trent (*Ronald Colman*) leaving for the "front" after his betrothal to Kitty Vane (*Vilma Banky*, Hungarian screen star) in *The Dark Angel*, a film adapted from the stage play of last season dealing with the sacrifice of a soldier blinded in the war

As Carlota, the Spanish girl in *Flower of the Night*, an original story written especially for her use by Joseph Hergesheimer, Pola Negri has a rôle admirably suited to her picturesque, exotic personality

STARS ON THE SILVER SCREEN

Romance and Adventure in New Pictures Shortly to Be Seen on Broadway

a finely vigorous comic performance as a hunger-crazed prospector, who sees Chaplin as a huge chicken and pursues him with an axe.

SIEGFRIED

THE German-made screen production of *Siegfried* is a worthy addition to the number of brilliant photoplays produced in that nation. It is a tasteful, beautiful and intelligent transcription of the legends Wagner drew upon for his operas, and, as shown in New York at least, it is accompanied by a superb musical score that Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld has devised from the wealth of these Wagnerian operas.

Some of the more earnest Wagnerians, it is said, are annoyed by the photoplay because the libretto of the opera has not been adhered to strictly. It is explained by the producers that in making the picture they went both to the librettos and to the ancient legends from which Wagner drew his material, combining the best features of each, as they say in newspaper circles. But certainly even the most ardent Wagnerians should be grateful for the fidelity of the producer, Fritz Lang, to the spirit of his theme.

Siegfried is likewise of interest because it is another experiment in screen impressionism and a wholly successful one. Action and background are blended in a most effective manner and all the power of the camera is used in the creation of a trancelike mood that is admirably adapted to the telling of a story that took place "when the world was young." Incidentally, it might be noted here that it is this growing ability to use the camera imaginatively and effectively that is the most encouraging development of the present-day photoplay. And it is pictures like *Siegfried* that encourage and inspire other directors to experiment with the possibilities of screen photography.

THE WANDERER

THE WANDERER tells you in some detail just what befell the Prodigal Son after he left home. This photoplay version of the Biblical story is far from an important artistic triumph, but it is undeniably entertaining. It contains a number of amusing orgies and it is pleasantly fleshly. And then it has Greta Nissen in the cast.

Ever since the dawn of photoplay history, actresses have been cast for the rôle of a seductress, but never before has a screen player lived up to the title so completely. But since the fact that Miss Nissen happens to be a thoroughly alluring young lady physically may not strike you as of the utmost importance in judging her acting ability, it should be added that she plays the rôle with an undercurrent of humor and youthful naïveté that, in itself, would raise her performance far above that of the usual player of such rôles.

Those two old standbys, Ernest Torrence and Wallace Beery, play with their usual vigor, and William Collier, Jr., acts with a proper show of indecision the rôle of the prodigal. But it is Miss Nissen who comes out of the proceedings with the greatest credit.

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

UNIVERSAL'S production of Gaston Leroux's old thriller, *The Phantom of the Opera,* is an entertaining and rather effective melodrama which yet misses most of its opportunities to be agreeably grewsome. Perhaps the chief defect of the picture can be laid to the advance publicity concerning it. Endless stories were sent out telling of the fearsome make-up that had been devised by Lon Chaney, who played the phantom, and of the great shock that the spectators would receive when the gentleman was unmasked.

In justice to Mr. Chaney it must be admitted that the make-up he created—after three months of experimentation, so the press stories announced—was a triumph of repulsiveness. But it was impossible that any putty mask could meet the expectations aroused by the advance reports, and the resulting emotion was bound to be that of disappointment. For each spectator must have built up in his mind an image of horror far beyond that created by the art of make-up.

The director, Rupert Julian, has taken great pains to construct the interior of the Paris Opera House and the tunnels under it, but he has brought less than the necessary ingenuity to the creation of an atmosphere of terror and suspense, so that after the first few reels the story is less gripping than it should be. Nor are the inevitable love scenes handled with any great skill. Yet it must be admitted that the action moves at a properly brisk pace and that there is considerable excitement during the course of the phantom's activities.

Lon Chaney is so concealed behind his grotesque mask that it is impossible for him to do any acting, and the other players have rôles of only moderate importance. But Mary Philbin is graceful and lovely as the object of the phantom's affections, and Arthur Edmond Carew plays a mysterious gentleman in an astrakhan cap in admirable style. Norman Kerry is rather negative as the hero—but then his is a negative part.

But at least the hero is a gentleman, for in one scene where he is trapped by the phantom in an underground furnace, with the heat growing more terrific by the moment, he never forgets that there are ladies present in the audience. So he takes off nothing more than his coat.

This scene from Herbert Brenon's Paramount production of *A Kiss for Cinderella,* showing an old London street, is one of the most remarkable effects ever secured on an indoor set for motion pictures

THE GOLDEN PRINCESS

IT was only to be expected that some day Betty Bronson would be given a bad picture to appear in. Now, after acting in three photoplays worthy of her refreshing charm and seemingly intuitive acting skill, she faces her severest test—that of appearing in a screen drama of little or no merit. It is called *The Golden Princess* and is supposed to be taken from Bret Harte's *Tennessee's Pardner.*

The picture turns out to be old-fashioned sentimental drama, done with a minimum of skill, with nothing left out except a train wreck. Even the humor is stupid and exaggerated, although the impossible comic character of a woman-hating old prospector can probably be blamed on the original story rather than on actor or director.

Yet despite the general wreckage, Miss Bronson emerges triumphantly. She looks more lovely than ever in her rough, boyish miner's costume, and she plays with such ingratiating skill that she almost persuades one that *The Golden Princess* is a good photoplay.

GRAUSTARK

NORMA TALMADGE'S latest photoplay is a modernized—in clothes, at least—version of George Barr McCutcheon's old romance. It is well directed and Miss Talmadge and her supporting cast give able performances, but, unfortunately for it, the film must challenge comparison with *The Merry Widow.* The result is almost fatal to the McCutcheon affair. Roy d'Arcy, the magnificent Crown Prince of the Von Stroheim film, appears briefly but again effectively as another scoundrel.

Albin

DOROTHY GISH

Whose skillful comedy as the shrewish wife of a pre-revolutionary New England tailor who turned pirate (played by Leon Errol) adds much to the gayety of the new First National picture "Clothes Make the Pirate"

M · U · S · I · C

The Metropolitan Opera Company Brings Youth Into Its Directorate. The Need for Enthusiasm In Opera

By GRENVILLE VERNON

THE Metropolitan Opera Company has recently introduced into its Board of Directors several new members chosen from what may be denominated the younger set. Of course Mr. Otto Kahn still remains the Maceaenus of that august institution and Signor Giulio Gatti-Casazza the captain of its artistic destinies. Mr. Kahn, the Liberal—at least in artistic matters—and Signor Gatti, the Conservative, have for the last seventeen years formed the team which, despite the short insurrection of Oscar Hammerstein, has dominated the American operatic world. Sometimes the liberalism of Mr. Kahn has seemed in the ascendent and sometimes the conservatism of Signor Gatti. Of late years, until last season, it had been more often the latter than the former. There had been a few experiments—they stood out because they were few. But on the whole the Metropolitan's motto has been, "Safe and sane and a sold-out box-office." Then last season Signor Gatti revived *Falstaff* and produced *Pelléas et Mélisande,* and probably to Signor Gatti's own astonishment the public responded to these works as if they had been *Aïda* or *Trovatore*. In short, the public, I shall not speak of the critics, showed its delight at being relieved of a too great and too long-continued burden of safety and sanity. And now we read of youth entering the sedate councils of the directorate. May it be symbolic of the spirit which dared at last to give *Falstaff* and *Pelléas*! For now that these two operas have showed the way, the secret is out—the secret of Polichinelle—the secret that the Metropolitan has been for the last few years decidedly dull.

WHAT has been the reason for this dullness? Not that the foremost singers of the world have been wanting. I know of no singer of the first class who hasn't for some period of the last decade been a member of the company—with the single exception of Matteo Battistini—who simply won't submit himself to sea-sickness, even though he has been offered a salary equal to that of Chaliapin. Not that money has been stinted in the productions. The costuming and the scenic investiture of the revivals and novelties has always been adequate and often princely. Not that the orchestra and chorus have been unworthy. No opera-house in the world has in this respect been better served. Since the departure of Arturo Toscanini there has been a certain weakness in the corps of conductors, though by no means a vital one, and one now finally remedied by the coming of Signor Serafin. Nor has there been any inadequacy among the minor artists. In short, the reason for the Metropolitan's dullness has not lain in the material of the company. It has been a reason far more subtle, a reason not physical but spiritual.

THE Metropolitan Opera Company is an anomaly among operatic institutions—it pays its way. Of late years Mr. Kahn and Mr. Mackay have rarely been called upon to make good any losses at the season's end. Signor Gatti-Casazza has proved himself an operatic minister of finance without equal. When the guarantors of the Chicago Opera Company read his annual financial statement, he may very well pity their feelings. They would in all probability offer him triple his present salary if he would agree to come to them. Of course he won't. He is too big a success where he is, and being the success he is he will undoubtedly be asked to continue where he is for another seventeen years—if he wants to. And yet—there always is a yet—and this one is that failure is often more stimulating than success. Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera Company, for instance, was a failure measured in dollars and cents; yet while it lasted it was the most stimulating force opera ever had received in the New World. Hammerstein didn't give a hang about the box-office so long as he could have his fun upon the stage. Outside his French artists, his company couldn't be compared with that at the Metropolitan, and fine a conductor as Cleofonte Campanini was, he was certainly not Arturo Toscanini. Oscar Hammerstein made his imprint on American operatic history because of his enthusiasm. His enthusiasm inspired his artists, his audiences and, incidentally, the Metropolitan. He made opera fun.

© Laura Gilpin

HAROLD BAUER

Whose sincerity and splendid musicianship will again charm American audiences

The Manhattan Opera Company did not pay its way. To-day it lies in the limbo of forgotten things, while its rival institution to-day dominates, not only the American, but the European opera world as well. And yet from where it lies buried the Manhattan's ghost sometimes rises to point a warning finger towards Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street. With it at least opera was neither a ritual nor a business. With it it was fun. And opera ought to be fun. Peace to the shade of Richard Wagner — opera, even music drama, is not the highest form of art! Opera is a show to be enjoyed, and the first requisite for a good show is enthusiasm. This was why *Falstaff* and *Pelléas* were so superbly given last season—because beyond the works themselves the performances possessed enthusiasm. The artists on the stage were not mere singing puppets walking on stilts and moving their arms like semaphores. There was both individual gusto and team play—and the result was that there was art.

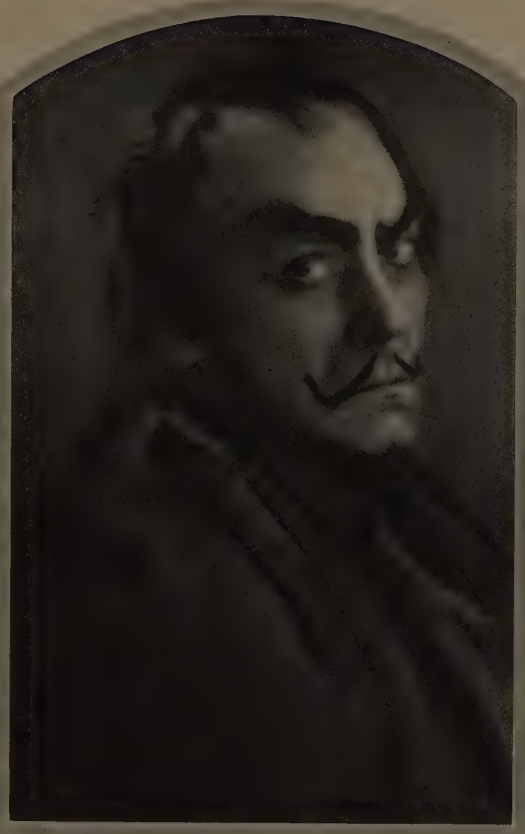
THE success of Lawrence Tibbett is a splendid example of the power of enthusiasm. Mr. Tibbett's Ford triumphed because it was vital, because Mr. Tibbett himself was in the character every minute. Whatever was the reason, the coaching of Signor Serafin and Herr Wymetal, or Mr. Tibbett's own sense of drama, the fact remains—the enthusiasm was there. Moreover, this enthusiasm permeated the whole performance—or at least everyone except Signor Gigli. The result was that perhaps for the first time in operatic history *Falstaff* aroused as much enthusiasm in the audience as it did among the critics, and every performance was more than sold out. The same power, though of course in a different manner, expressed itself in *Pelléas*. Edward Johnson, Clarence Whitehill, Leon Rothier, Lucrezia Bori—all gave beautifully moving performances, performances exquisite in themselves and parts of an exquisite whole.

It is the enthusiasm which informed such performances as these which the Metropolitan must bend every effort to attain. The presence of the *claque* during the performances of Italian opera is in itself a tribute to the need for enthusiasm. Yet what the Metropolitan needs is not manufactured enthusiasm in the audience, but genuine enthusiasm on the stage.

Raba

JOSEPHINE LUCCHESI

Whose charm and voice redeem the frailty of Verdi's Violetta Valery



De Woskin

PIETRO DE BIASI

His saturnine humor San Carlo audiences find at once diabolical and entrancing

Mishiyama

TAMAKI MUIRA

Who as Cio-Cio San is doubly real, being an artist and a daughter of Old Japan

WALTER GIESEKING

New York concertgoers are soon to make the acquaintance of this young Hollander, who is said to be a veritable centaur at the keyboard

Muray

FRANCES NASH

Whose good looks have not hindered her appeal to lovers of the best in piano music

Kubey-Rembrandt

OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH

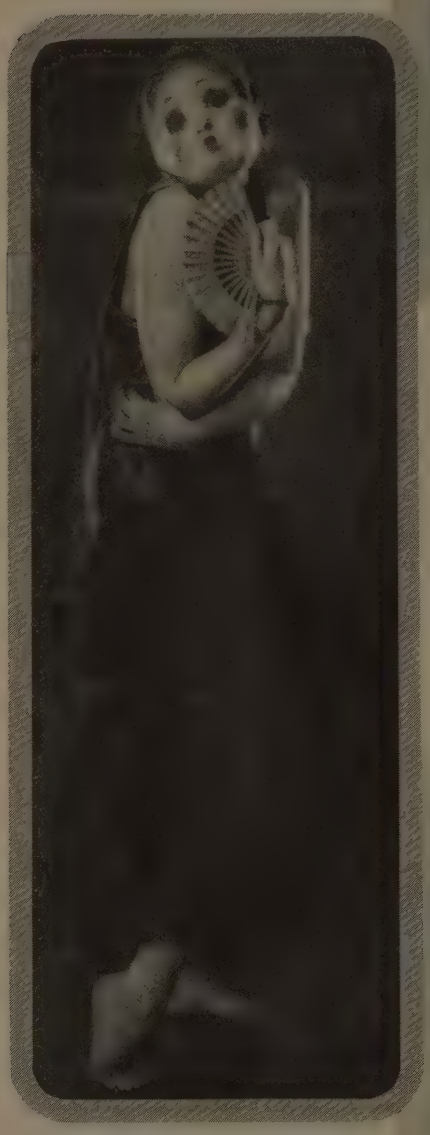
The three reasons for his fame are that he is a great pianist, a splendid conductor and the son-in-law of our Mark Twain

THE MUSIC SEASON BEGINS TO VIBRATE

Six Early and Important Arrivals Among the Singers and Pianists

Grace Chrystie, an American dancer who to-day enjoys an international reputation, first won Broadway as solo dancer in *What's in a Name?* Later she went to London, where as *première danseuse*, she appeared in *The League of Notions*. She then went to Paris, where she repeated her great success. This past summer she danced at the European watering-places

The "Peacock Woman." With wide, sweeping gestures the dancer portrays the attitude of the proud, hard, conceited woman, who cares only to display her beauty to the greatest advantage. A dance showing wonderful balance and poise



The "Flapper Dance," showing the actions of a silly young girl. This dance is filled with a bright humor, comic movement and displays Miss Chrystie's histrionic ability

A highly original interpretation of the Negro spiritual, *Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen*. In this dance the artist brings out with flexible movements the meaning of each word, her body rising and falling in marvelous rhythm to the changing mood of the song

The dance of the "Lady Who Lived in Herself Alone." A Japanese maiden, who gives nothing to the world and takes very little from it, living entirely within her own being

INTERPRETIVE DANCING

American Artist Wins International Fame in Endless Variety of Classic and Modern Dances

R · A · D · I · O

Making the Radio Serve the Theatre. Broadcasting "Back-Stage"

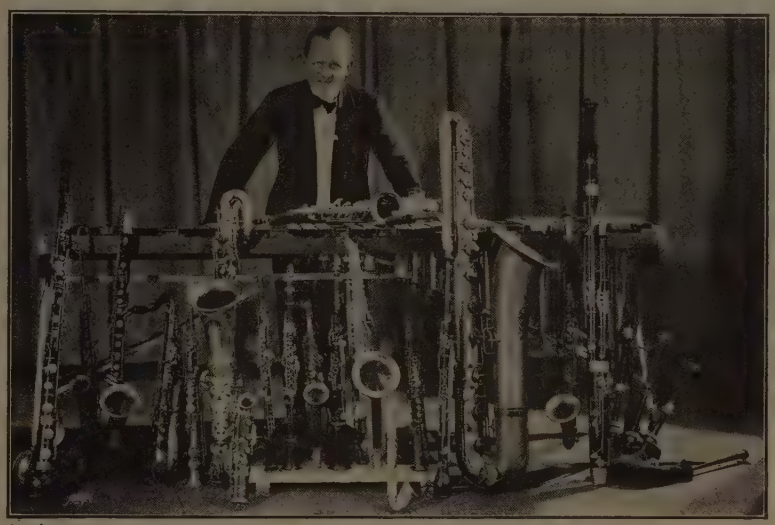
By CHARLOTTE GEER

RADIO to an actor is as a tack to a tire—as yet there is no ground on which they can safely meet.

To broadcast a play is to present several hundred thousand people with an entertainment for which they might otherwise pay two dollars and a half or, with luck, two seventy-five. And yet Radio as a means of advertising, as a means of reaching the hick towns and exciting the interest of the easy-spending rube, has never been equaled.

"Some way," groans the theatrical profession in agony at the thought of wasted opportunity, "some way ought to be invented whereby the air waves could wait upon the theatre."

Mr. Manager, we have thought of a solution! By good rights we should sell it for large sums of money, but being by nature saving on stamps and shoe leather we offer it free for the price of this magazine—which you were going to buy anyway.



Apeda

ROSS GORMAN

With the twenty-one instruments he plays in his Earl Carroll Vanities Orchestra, broadcasting a program of dance music direct from the theatre through WEAF

INSTEAD of installing a microphone among the footlights, put it up in the property-room or some other place backstage. Let Props or some other man with a sense of humor and an imagination take charge of it. Let us suppose that it is the Monday of the second week's run, with all running being done by the customers and in the wrong direction. The curtain is about to be rung up in a few minutes and Props has surveyed the house and observed that those that haven't come by invitation have percolated through a certain well-known drug emporium around the corner.

With fingers crossed he sits down before the Mike, signals the operator to throw a switch and applies his mouth to the tin ear of the few million people who haven't come to see the show.

"Hello, Bill," he says. "Everything set? I've just had a look at the house and it's an S. R. O. alright; never saw such a bunch of class in all my life."

"It's sure drawing them," agrees Bill, pushing Props away and putting his nose to the Mike. "I saw Mrs. Astorbilt there in the front row with a party of the swellest evening cloaks I seen this year."

"Sure," says Props, kicking the chair from under Bill and continuing his confidential chat. "Say, Bill, see that queer-looking thing over there? That's a microphone. I had WQG put it up, and between the acts I'm going to have the bunch come in and say a few words to the Radio fans."

"They can't hear what we are saying now, Props?" shouting over Props' shoulder.

"Naw, the switch ain't turned yet. Where's Mortimer—— Oh, hello Smith, and how's the receipts to-night? You don't say. That's a record for this house, ain't it? Now, everyone keep quiet, will you? Bill, page Mortimer Getacross and Patricia Gannot. Tell them they're wanted in the greenroom to say a few words to the unseen audience. Why aren't they down here already? An actor's place is in the greenroom. Hoof it now; I'm going to connect up this microphone and wigwag the world."

A brief silence, during which an acute man might hear the feminine B. C. L. powder its nose.

"Greetings, Mr. Montagu. You've got three minutes to say a word through this microphone. Why, what's wrong, man, you look awful?"

"Awful. I should think I would look awful," replies Mortimer, removing Props by a mere expression of his left eyebrow and sitting down before the Mike. "As I was motoring down from my little place in Great Neck I saw a fair-haired child being dragged by a runaway horse. I jumped out on the bonnet of my racing motor a—well, never mind the make on second thoughts—snatched up the boy and dragged him safely into the car. You can imagine the strain on my muscles, to say nothing of the mental—— But you want me to talk over this little contraption. What am I supposed to say? Ah—er—good evening, Radio audience. It is a rare privilege to be able to talk to my friends, for I am sure many of you are my friends, having come to see me in this delightful drama. But if any of you who are in reach of my voice and who have not as yet seen the show will write me personally, enclosing a check, I will see that they get front-row seats. Ah, thank you."

Props: "Oh, Miss Gannot, could you put down that magazine for half a second and say a word to the microphone?"

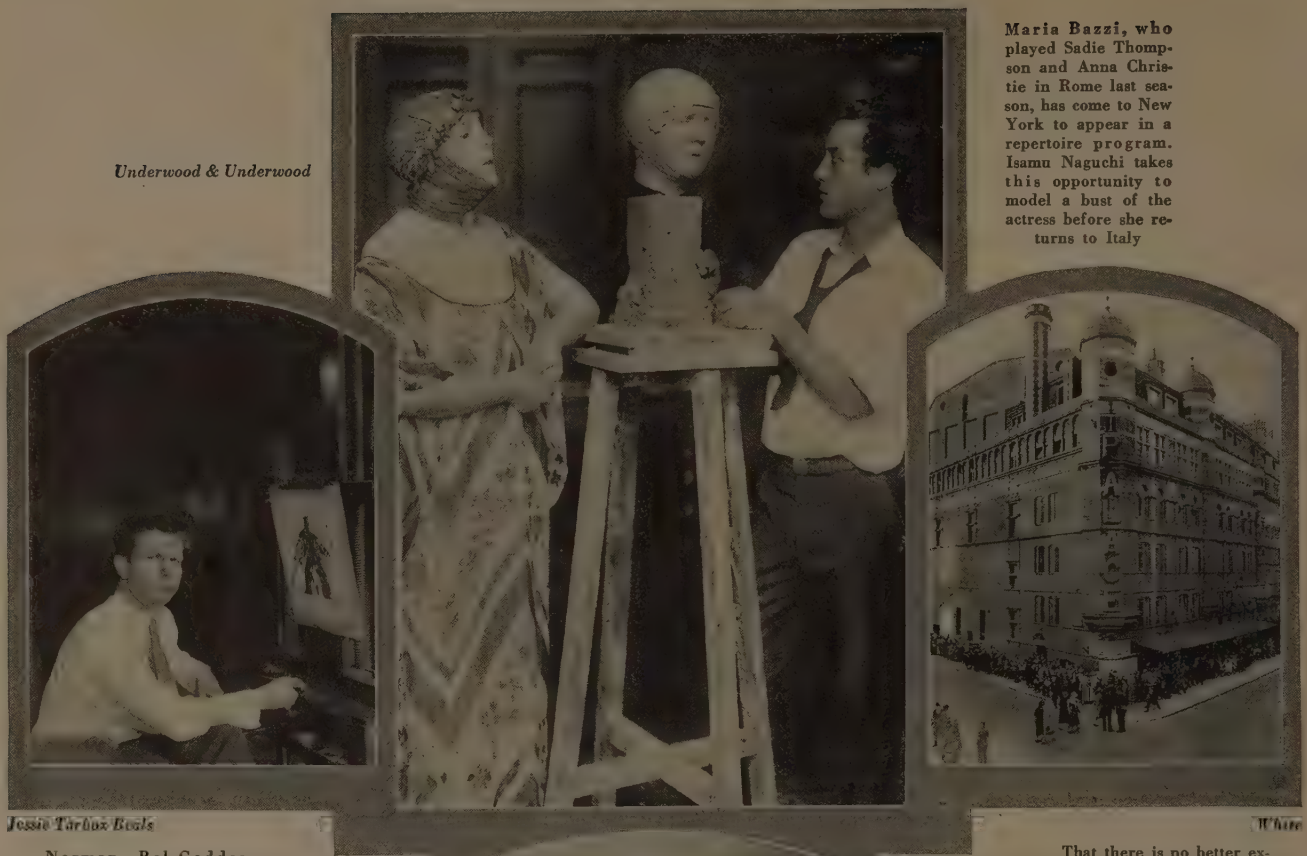
"Oh, you dear people out there, how I wish I could see your dear faces in the orchestra. The show is marvelous, every seat is taken; but if Mr. Montagu isn't able to send you good seats, just write to me, and I know I shall be able to arrange things so that my dear, dear Radio friends can see this beautiful play. We are all so happy and thrilled about its great success, and nothing succeeds like success, does it? Good night—good night—good—— What's the matter, Props; why the devil did you shut her off?"

ONE can picture the thrills of the listeners to be thus taken behind the scenes; their delight in the fact that through someone's error the switch was open when it was supposed to be closed and resulted in disclosures of back-stage secrets. Of course the manager that first uses our idea will get the velvet, but it could be used at least five times without variation because you can't fool all of the B. C. L.'s on any one evening; some nights they go to the theatre themselves.

Seriously, some such plan might be used to the advantage of both sides of the footlights. There is nothing that interests the theatregoer — and we're all theatregoers under the skin—as much as a glimpse of the personality of the actor behind the part.

As a point in question, we remember hearing several members of the cast of *Charlot's Revue* describing over the microphone their trepidation at the thought of facing a New York audience. Before we plugged out we mailed a check for a couple of seats. We had heard enough to want more.

The theatre and the microphone must be brought together, and it behooves those of us who love them both to work out some scheme by which the twain shall be united in holy harmony with a manager and an announcer doing a "Bless you, my children," over the union.



Underwood & Underwood

Maria Bazzi, who played Sadie Thompson and Anna Christie in Rome last season, has come to New York to appear in a repertoire program. Isamu Naguchi takes this opportunity to model a bust of the actress before she returns to Italy

Jessie Tarbox Beals

Norman Bel-Geddes, American scenic artist, whose stage settings and costume designs for *The Miracle* won him fame, turned producer last summer when, in conjunction with Richard Herndon, he gave *Jehanne d'Arc* in Paris. The Geddes-Herndon Corporation will present in New York this season four plays to differ radically from conventional productions

White

That there is no better example of the ardent theatregoer than an Englishman can be seen by this *queue*, equipped with camp-stools and sandwiches, eagerly waiting for the Palace Theatre in London, where *No, No, Nanette* is playing, to open its doors

Irene Bordoni, aboard the Paris, guarded by her manager, Gilbert Miller, and her husband, Ray Goetz, returns to intrigue Broadway again with her piquant songs and her captivating accent

THE PASSING SHOW

Interesting Stage Figures and Events Revealed as Theatrical Spotlight Sweeps Around the World

Heard on Broadway

News and Gossip Straight from the Inside of Theatredom

By L'Homme Qui Sait

ERNST VAJDA, who ranks with MOLNAR as the Hungarian playwright most represented in this land of the cosmopolitan theatre, will come to these United States later in the year to direct his new play, called *High C,* which will be produced by the FROHMAN firm.

MARTIN BROWN seems to land on Broadway with seasonable regularity. His latest is called *Illegal Relations,* and one of the more important firms has already contracted to "do" the play.

The tiny Punch and Judy will be used this year by HERMAN GANTVOORT, who will first produce there in association with CHARLES HOPKINS, who controls this most intimate of theatres. It is the plan of the partners to produce plays, gauge their degree of success and, if the occasion warrants, move to larger Broadway houses. They first will do *The Makropolous Secret* with Blanche Yurka.

BARNEY GALLANT, soldier of fortune and proprietor of Greenwich Village night clubs, is the newest of the Broadway producers. The reason is (so goes the Big Street explanation) that Mr. Gallant has watched so many first nights that he feels duty bound to provide one of his own making.

Apparently the NUGENTS, *fils et père,* have struck pay dirt again with their collaborative efforts. Their *Poor Nut* is doing well at this writing, while another play called *Gunpowder* is running under the auspices of GENE BUCK and FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, while those same gentlemen have also undertaken to produce *The Trooper,* in which the elder Nugent will relate much of his stage philosophy.

GEORGE M. COHAN will produce this year a typical Cohan revue—the first one in many years, for that institution went into oblivion when Georgie found out that musical comedies about Irish girls and policemen and the Brooklyn Bridge were just as profitable. This revue will be Cohan's second production following his return to the theatre.

GEORGE CHOOS, vaudeville impresario and an occasional venturer into the legitimate stage realm, will put on a Hungarian operetta this year to be called *The Runaway Princess,* author and composer unknown. C. B. DILLINGHAM, incidentally, will bring out a new EMMERICH KALMANN work called *Marica.*

SYDNEY ROSENFELD, whose interesting playwriting reminiscences of other days have been giving pleasure to THEATRE MAGAZINE readers, has written a drama called *The Second Chance,* which will be seen on Broadway this Winter.

Reversing the usual procedure, it is understood that a recent motion-picture production called *The Mystic* will be made into a stage play. As a picture *The Mystic* was a cross between a melodrama deriding spiritism and a serious drama exemplifying the reformation of crooks.

JOE COOK will be a DILLINGHAM star next season, and the eminent producer of expensive musical comedies will star this erstwhile vaudevillian and revue performer in a show which may be constructed along the lines of the vehicles in which ED WYNN rides from coast to coast with seasonal regularity.

E. RAY GOETZ, producer, husband of IRENE BORDONI, operator of expensive night clubs and importer of many production novelties, will swerve from his set lines of business and some time this Winter will be associated with the house of FROHMAN in the production of a serious French drama, name unrevealed.

MICHAEL ARLEN'S pay checks weekly are astounding, not only from *The Green Hat* and *These Charming People,* but also from vaudeville, for which he has contracted to write a sketch, and from the silver-screen realm, where Arlen has written several "originals" for POLA NEGRI.

Following *The Bridge of Distances,* which was produced last month, the newly formed International Playhouse, Inc., headed by IRMA KRAFFT, will stage *The Subway,* a highly futuristic drama.

So the reports of the BELASCO-ULRIC reunion are authentic! The Dean of the Stage had held *The Red Mill* as her vehicle for a long time, and this MOLNAR play, which will cost several hundreds of thousands of dollars to put on, is expected to be presented directly he has disposed of a prize play selected by *The Morning Telegraph,* which he agreed to "do" for that newspaper when they selected the winner from many manuscripts submitted.

LILIAN FOSTER will not be seen in *Marge* this season, although WALTER JORDAN had announced the piece. Instead it is likely Miss Foster will enter vaudeville soon, following the lead of such a thespian as RICHARD BENNETT, who has elected the two-a-day in favor of many legitimate stage offers.

MAX REINHARDT will return to America this year, for MORRIS GEST signed the famous director on his last trip to Europe. It has been persistently reported that Reinhardt was not coming back, but an authentic source of European information has it that he will be associated with Gest in the production of OFFENBACH'S *Orpheus in the Lower World.*

INA CLAIRE is due back in New York under the ægis of MR. DILLINGHAM in December. The play will be called *The Last of Mrs. Cheney* and the author is FREDERICK LONSDALE. GILBERT MILLER, who divides his time between New York, London, Paris, Budapest and various ocean liners, will produce the same play in London.

The Fountain, by EUGENE O'NEILL, is finally to be done, and the MESSRS. JONES and GREEN, who last year formed a coup with EUGENE O'NEILL, KENNETH MACGOWAN and ROBERT EDMOND JONES, say that WALTER HUSTON will play the part of the eminent Spanish explorer who discovered the Fountain of Youth, PONCE DE LEON. ARTHUR HOPKINS held the play for a long time and was so sure of doing it that he paid FRITZ LEIBER many weeks' salary, merely to hold that actor in readiness. But he was forced to relinquish his rights, and successively the Theatre Guild and DAVID BELASCO grabbed what Mr. Hopkins released.

WALTER HAMPDEN, incidentally, plans to revive *Cyrano de Bergerac* once more after he opens his season at the Colonial Theatre, 'way past Columbus Circle.

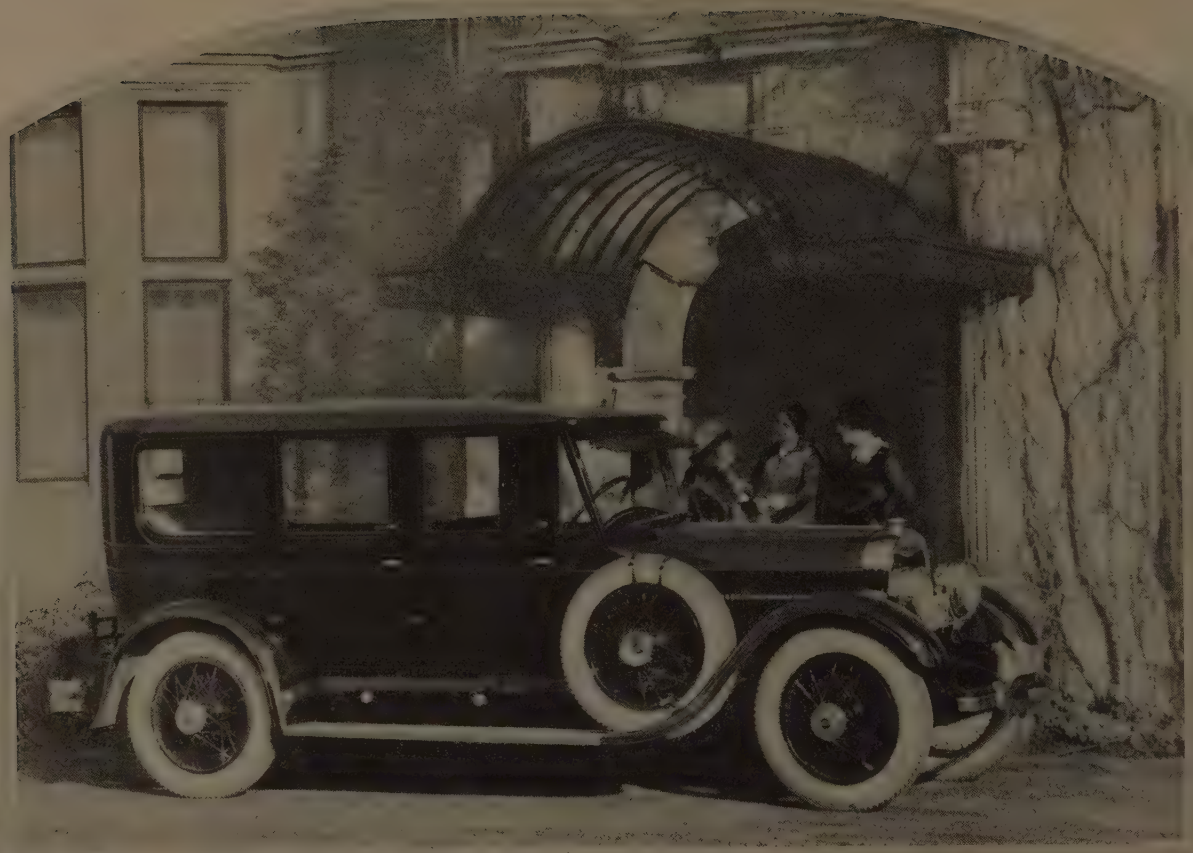
Under ARTHUR HOPKINS, for whom she will play this season, LAURETTE TAYLOR will revive *Pierrot the Prodigal,* a pantomime which she performed last season for the Actors' Theatre.

Such has been the fame of *Garrick Gaieties* and the *Grand Street Follies,* both revues of an economical nature in so far as their physical properties are concerned, but rich in laughs and wit for the sophisticate, that a Chicago manager last month instructed New York representatives to begin negotiations to transport the casts intact to Windytown.

HARRY FENDER, who was MR. ZIEGFELD'S best tenor for a long time, won't be seen in musical comedy this Winter but instead will play in pictures for FAMOUS PLAYERS at their Long Island studios.

WILLIAM A. BRADY, having sent his *Good Bad Woman* play off on tour to let the provinces see what shocks New York, will next produce *Fear,* a serious play by OWEN DAVIS. Mr. Davis, incidentally, will be represented with no less than five plays on the stages of New York this season.

While it isn't strictly a note of the Broadway stage, it concerns a great stage figure—MARY GARDEN. The great diva will introduce a new opera this year based on TOLSTOY'S *Redemption* and which the Chicago Civic Opera Association will present in February.



With the coming of Winter, the electro-fog generator of this distinctive Lincoln Fleetwood limousine becomes one of its most attractive features, for, connected with the carburetor, it completely warms and vaporizes the gasoline required to start the motor when cold

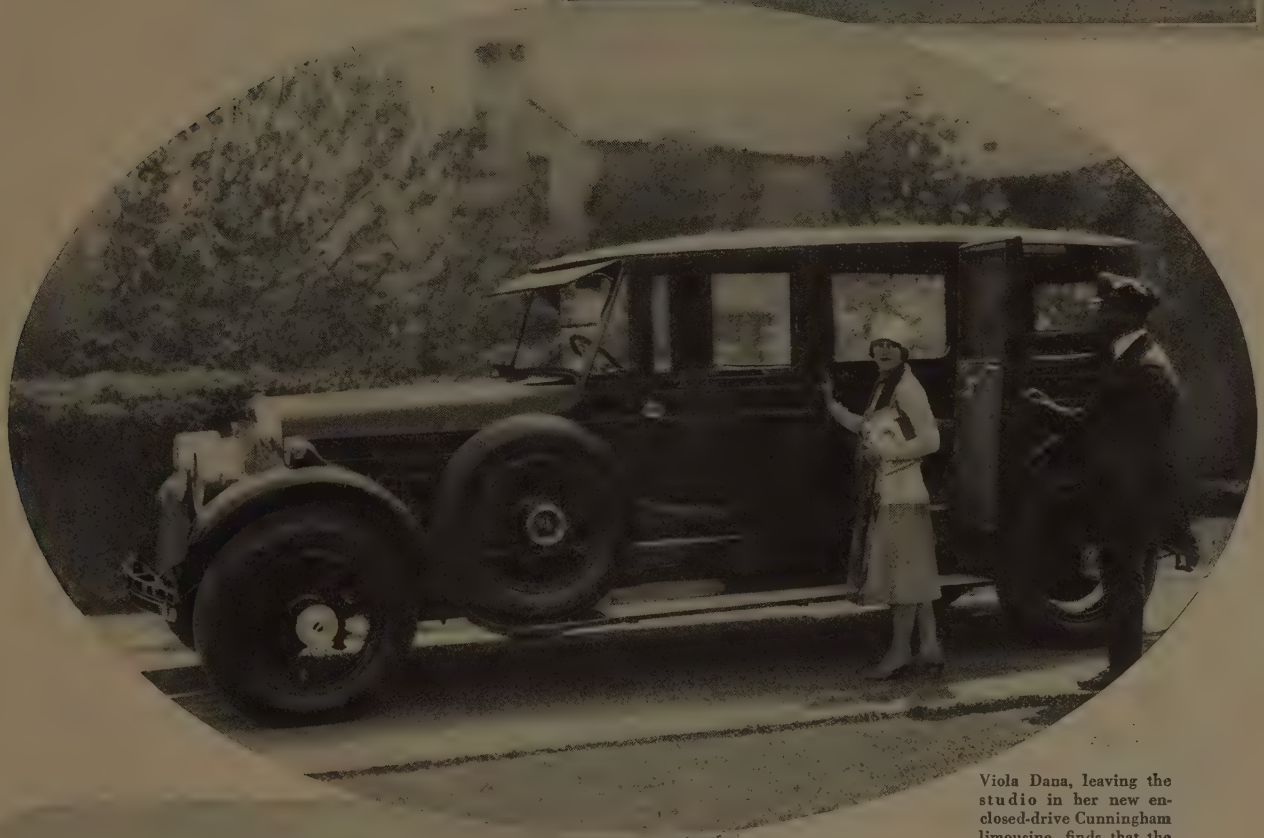
Bernadine, popular performer in the two-a-day, has just investigated this new Marmon sedan and discovered that the radiator has been deepened, giving, besides greater cooling capacity, an added dignity to the line of a car already noted for its artistic construction

Julia Faye, screen actress, not only appreciates the general comfort of her Diana two-door *de luxe* sedan, but takes special delight in such details as lovely upholstering, soft-glow dome lights and delicate silver ornaments which brighten the interior of the automobile

MOTORING IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

Apeda

This new three-passenger Velie coupé is an example of perfect symmetry. The low-hung body, finished in duotone blue duco, is unusually graceful, while the upholstery of grained blue Spanish leather, with headlining of matched broadcloth, adds to the general beauty of the car



Viola Dana, leaving the studio in her new enclosed-drive Cunningham limousine, finds that the smoothness of the car and the spaciousness of the interior are restful and soothing after a hard day's work

Ricardo Cortez, Paramount movie idol, and his long, black Wills-Sainte Claire roadster are familiar sights on the Hollywood Boulevard. Mr. Cortez realizes that the gray goose is a symbol of smartness, comfort and service

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE

Upper: The Witches' Cavern. *Center:* The Banquet Hall, in the Stanford University production, *Macbeth*

Scenes from "Macbeth" at Stanford University, Produced under the Direction of Gordon Davis. The Settings were Designed by Leslie Kiler and Executed by the Students of Theatre Workshop 121

The High School and the Embryo Dramatist

By SARA SHERMAN PRYOR

The Department of Dramatic Art, Bridgeport High School: Director of "The Little Theatre League," Bridgeport, Connecticut

DURING the past few years a number of excellent compilations of one-act plays have been published for the expressed purpose of encouraging the study of this form of literature in the High School.

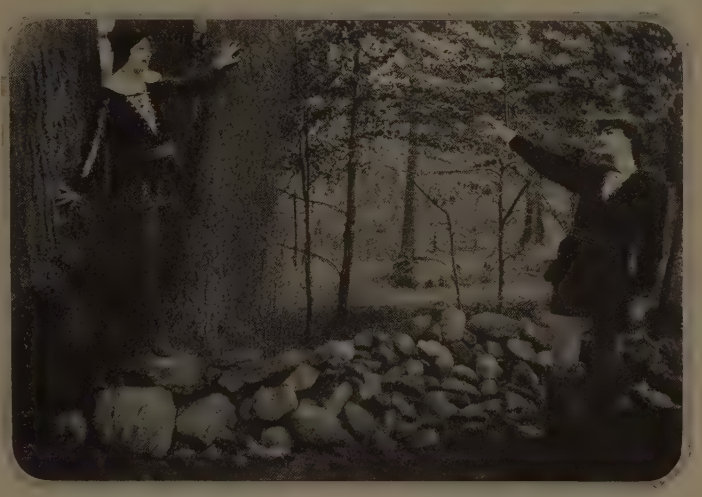
The compilers of these volumes of plays are to be congratulated upon the results of their efforts, for in those schools where the powers that guide the destiny of the sacred curriculum have dared to introduce a study of the modern one-act play into the English course both students and teachers have been aroused not only to the "educational value" of such a study, but to the real "joy of the working."

It is no longer a matter of argument that the one-act play now claims the same consideration as a work of art as does the short story, the novel or the five-act drama. The one-act play has quite as rigid a form as the short story and is as different in type from the long play as the short story is different from the novel. If it is a well-written one-act play, it can no more be expanded into three acts than a well-written three-act play can be condensed into one act.

The long plays of Shakespeare and other classic writers have been used in the English courses of all High Schools. But it is the opinion of many who teach both the classical and the modern drama that through the study of the modern one-act play many a boy or girl of High School age is aroused to an interest in dramatic as well as other forms of literature that otherwise might never have been developed.

THIS is easily explained. The one-act play may be read during a single classroom period. Its various characters may be taken by as many students. Even the dramatic action may be suggested in the reading. A simple plot of the scene setting may be drawn upon the blackboard and an informal discussion of characters and plot may follow the first reading. If the play deals with life to-day or is within the range of youth's understanding and imagination and that range is a wide one, the teacher need have no doubt as to the interest aroused—provided he eliminates himself as much as is possible from the discussion!

As the plays are thus read and discussed, invariably will come the request from some members of the class to present one or more of them before the class as an audience. Those with the acting instinct express a desire to play the parts; a natural leader of the group wants to direct the rehearsals; a boy who works well with his hands thinks he would like to make a drawing or a model set of the scene; to another there is an appeal in experimenting with lighting effects; a girl who likes good clothes sees interesting possibilities in designing the costumes. The first thing one knows, the entire class is hard at work, each of his own volition, doing something he *wants* to do, and the interest in and love of dramatic literature is opened up to a group of individuals at the very time in their lives when interest and enthusiasm in things worth while count for so much.



Scene from an out-of-doors production of *As You Like It*, produced at Bridgeport High School, Bridgeport, Conn., under the direction of Sara Sherman Pryor

THUS several of the plays are finally presented for the class by their respective producing groups, each followed by constructive criticism and discussion as to the merits of the simple class production.

Out of these presentations and discussions naturally grows the desire of the occasional one borne with more or less creative genius to write a play of his own. There may not be such an one in every English class, there might happen to be several. One never knows when the divine spark may "flash forth." The wise teacher watches eagerly for that occasional "flash" and when the faintest spark appears fans it zealously, realizing that the power to create is man's most divine gift.

That "flash" may also be recognized in an original stage model, a fine bit of acting, an unusual costume design. Its recognition and nurture may save an embryo author from becoming a mediocre schoolteacher, an actor from an unsuccessful business career, a scenic artist from clerking in a bank or a grocery store and a costume designer from thumping a typewriter the rest of her working days! What is more to the point in the present discussion, there is offered to the entire group an activity that is highly educational, recreational and worth while.

THE question naturally arises, "Is it possible for all English teachers to conduct such a course in the study—the literary and dramatic interpretation, as well as the writing, of the one-act play?" The answer is, of course, "No." *But some* English teachers *are* conducting such courses with most gratifying results!

The teacher who would successfully lead a group of students in such a study of dramatic literature must, first of all, be intensely interested in the Drama as well as in the Theatre; must have, or acquire, a wide reading knowledge of plays both classic and modern; and must make it a point to attend the presentation of as many worthwhile plays as he possibly can. If he has a real desire to study with the class, a vivid imagination, broad human sympathies and has learned the lesson that some teachers never learn —*not to stand in the pupil's* way—then he may not fear his inexperience in attempting such a course.

THERE are many valuable books on Dramatic Technique and Criticism, Playwriting, Producing in Little Theatres, School and Community Dramatics that are to be found in the public libraries. Introductions, offering definite help and suggestions as to the teaching of the one-act play in the English classroom are included in many of the volumes of one-act plays that are published expressly for class study in secondary schools. Bibliographies of one-act plays especially suitable for High-School reading are also included in most of these volumes.

Undoubtedly the teacher who has had definite and special training along these lines is best fitted to conduct such a course. The time is fast approaching when such specially trained teachers will be in all the High Schools of our larger towns and cities. Many High Schools already have well-organized departments of "Dramatic Expression," "Spoken English" or "Speech Arts" by whatever name they may be called. Some have systematically conducted "workshops" or "little theatres" within their own walls, in which various departments of the school co-operate to present good drama, well acted and artistically produced. Except in the larger cities, it is

the only opportunity given the students, and ofttimes the community, to see anything better in the theatre than the occasional mediocre road company, cheap vaudeville or the motion picture.

THE vast majority of our universities, small colleges and even preparatory schools boast a dramatic club, "workshop" or "little theatre," all of which are working along the same general lines. Yet only a little more than a decade ago the "class play" was the only dramatic venture permitted even in our more liberal colleges. Shakespeare and the Greek dramatists to a certain degree mitigated the offense to Puritan tradition. With the awakening of interest in American Drama and the American Theatre came the realization that, "left to her own devices," as Oliver M. Sayler has so aptly expressed it, "our theatre has always trained her recruits like a mother trailing seven smudged and squalling children to market through the push-carts of Rivington Street. Actors, designers, producers, playwrights, dragged up rather than brought up amid the slums of Broadway. The slender, the fragile are crushed. The fittest survive—the exceptional few hardened, polished, perfected by the process; the rest stunted and seared." At which realization the college and university volunteered—or rather, let it be said, that a few brave souls who happened to be connected with the colleges dared to rise to the emergency.

PROF. GEORGE PIERCE BAKER took the lead. It was not the Harvard of Longfellow and of Lowell that gave such niggardly support to Professor Baker's dreams, and continued to do so even after his work of a decade had proved his vision a reality. Eugene O'Neill, Winthrop Ames, Kenneth Macgowan, Walter Hampden, Robert Edmund Jones, Philip Barry, Kenneth Andrews, Arthur Hopkins, Alexander Woolcott, and other leading lights in the American Theatre of to-day came under the influence of Professor Baker and his "47 Workshop." English 47 at Harvard became so popular that difficult tests have to be required for entrance to the course. Broadway's respect for Baker and his work at Harvard is most tangibly evident in the $500 prize first offered in 1911 by John Craig, manager of the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, for the best play written in English 47. When Craig gave up the contest Oliver Morosco took it up and later Richard G. Herndon, who calls it the Belmont Theatre Prize and guarantees production of the winning play within six months. A number of these Harvard prize plays have been listed among the "hits" of their respective seasons.

Still official Harvard withheld its support! Then, one morning, it awoke to find that Professor Baker had been offered the leadership of a million-dollar drama department at Yale—the gift of Edward S. Harkness, B.A. Yale, 1897. Appreciation at last! And opportunity to "carry on" a service for the American stage that will lead toward stability, authority, tradition —an Institutional or National Theatre such as have existed in European countries for centuries.

A SIMILAR dream is coming true in Pittsburgh, at Carnegie Institute of Technology, with the officials of the college standing behind the venture. At Carnegie is to be found a full-fledged School of the Theatre, with a faculty, a theatre and workshop of its own and a four-years' curriculum leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts in Drama.

Smith College Workshop, under the leadership of Samuel A. Elliot, Jr., backed by a Department of Spoken English, splendidly organized by Dr. Elizabeth Avery, offers unusual opportunities as well as college credit in the writing, acting and producing of plays.

In the Far West the University of California, with Sam Hume, and the Greek Theatre—used for both educational and professional performances of a most varied and practical character; in the Middle West the University of Wisconsin Players, led by Thomas H. Dickerson and Zona Gale; in the South the Carolina Playmakers organized and directed by Frederick H. Koch; these, with the ones aforementioned, are representative of the American University's vital interest in and its contribution to the development of the American Drama and the American Stage.

THE Middle West adds a State Teachers' College and an Agricultural College to the list: the former at Cedar Falls, Iowa, where the degree of B.A., with specialization in Drama, is conferred by the college, the Drama Department of which was organized and is still headed by Miss Bertha Martin; the latter at Fargo, North Dakota, widely known as the "Little County Theatre," of which Alfred G. Arnold is the professor-director.

At Yale, E. M. Wooley, William Lyon Phelps, Jack Crawford and the Yale Dramatic Association have already accomplished great things. With the coming of Professor Baker and the Harkness endowment, all eyes are turned toward New Haven. What will Yale do for the American Theatre of To-morrow?

Despite the criticism and prejudices, ofttimes justifiable, against the private school of dramatic art, nevertheless there are a number of these courageous little schools that have set their ideals so high and, even through severe economic struggle, have lived up to them so bravely that their influence has been felt even in the commercial theatre itself.

AT one time the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York was the laughing-stock of the theatrical crowd of Broadway. To-day a glance at its long alumni list of distinguished stage-folk speaks for itself. Even the great University of Columbia dares to affiliate with a dramatic academy!

Such great teachers of the Art as Prof. Charles W. Emerson and Leland T. Powers of Boston, Mary A. Blood and M. Catherine Lyons of Chicago, Madame Alberti of New York and scores of others, all of whom have been sought to hold high positions in great colleges and universities, have chosen to be pioneers in new and smaller institutions where the torch of their ideals might be held high. The influence of such great teachers upon the American Stage cannot be estimated. While the High-School classroom may not offer any intensive courses in the art of playwriting, it can, at least, arouse an interest in the Drama that may later lead the students born with creative genius to further study and development.

The annual playwriting and producing contests conducted each year by the Players' Club of the Bridgeport High School has exceeded all expectations in the number and dramatic qualities of the plays submitted by the group making up the various dramatic staffs.

A scene from John Masefield's *The Faithful*, one of the most successful productions given by the Smith College Dramatic Association. The play was coached by Professor Samuel Eliot, Jr., and Cheryl Crawford, '25. The original Theatre Guild costumes were used and the scene was painted on the asbestos curtain by college students

FASHIONS

INTRODUCED BY THE SMARTLY DRESSED WOMEN OF THE STAGE

Saks & Company, Fifth Avenue, inaugurated with great success a private showing of the very latest Fall and Winter fashions, specially staged for the members of the profession

Charlie Chaplin in a new rôle! "This is the way I would pose," says he, "were I to appear in these creations from Patou, Lelong and Drecoll"

Alice Brady and Mary Young admit that a fashion show fascinates them, and this charming frock has them both captivated

Charlie Chaplin approves of this delightful negligée from Christine, combining chiffon velvet with embossed velour

Posed by Diantha Pattison of the *Fall of Eve* Company

All these models are imported by B. Altman & Co.

Photos by Pach Bros.

This charming afternoon frock of bottle-green crêpe is one of Worth's newest high-neck frocks. The long flowing cuff and tie bow around the neck is trimmed with silver clamps

Scotch plaid has again come into its own, as shown by this attractive walking dress designed by Drecoll. The skirt is of several shades of brown, with contrasting brown top to match

The latest high-neck creation from Lucien LeLong is this combination coat and dress of chartreuse-colored crêpe satin. The coat is trimmed with beautiful badger fur

These three models are by Goupy

A lovely two-piece evening dress over black chiffon. The waist is of gold metal cloth and the skirt of webby gold lace to match

A green and silver evening dress draped in the front to show a slender waist. This draping also gives the tunics, which are banded with black fox, a very graceful sweep

Black and silver metal brocade, lined throughout with heavy black satin and trimmed with flat black caracul, makes this a very charming evening coat

When Henri Bendel designed this draped turban of silver brocade for Sara Sothern he did not know how thoroughly in character it is with the new rôle Miss Sothern will play in the first production of Norman Bel-Geddes and Richard Herndon, entitled *Arabesque*

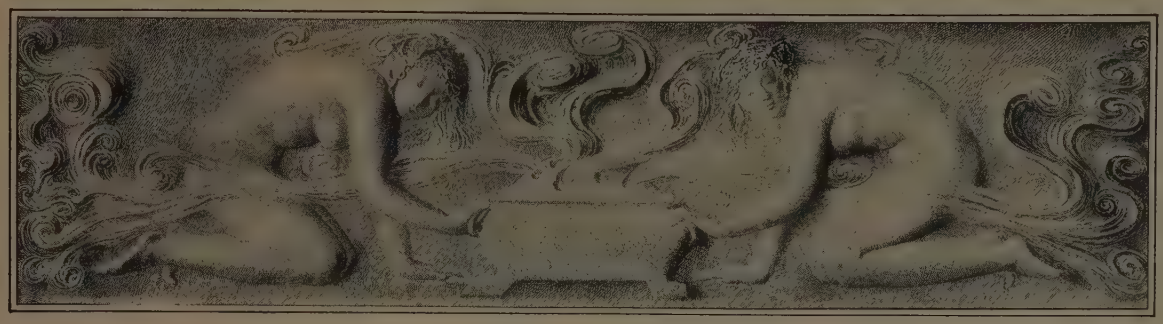
Hats by Bendel, posed by Sara Sothern, soon to appear in *Arabesque*

Black velvet and ermine are effectively combined in this close-fitting little hat with its soft folds gathered into a point at the top, where it is finished with a perky bow of ermine and velvet

Paris insists on the large hat for the forthcoming season. This polk bonnet of cream velvet with a facing of cream velour and its big graceful bow of the same colored velvet

A Reboux turban of black velvet and grosgrain ribbon

Another most becoming example of the prevalent large hat is this one of black velvet, being a mushroom polk turned up at the back with sweeps of paradise crossed to trail on the left side



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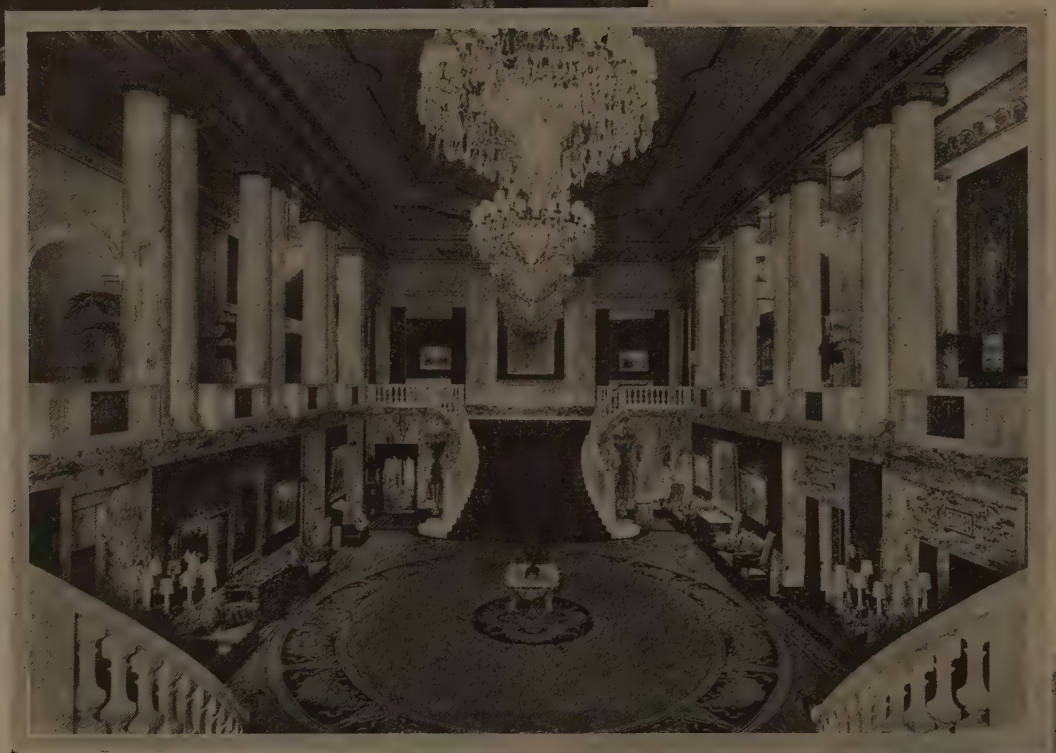
The men's smoking-room, with its walls paneled in English walnut, its marble fireplace and deep red velvet upholstery and hangings, is but one of the many attractive nooks designed for the comfort of the patrons of this magnificent theatre



The actors' dressing-rooms in the Albee Theatre open a new chapter in theatrical "back-stage," for each room is equipped with a private bath, comfortable couch, spacious closets and special ventilating and heating arrangements

The Grand Hall is a triumph of artistic achievement. Louis XVI in style, it is done in antique beige and gold, the walls paneled in red damask, the balustrades of pure statuary marble. The crystal chandelier and rich rug were especially made for Mr. Albee in Czecho-Slovakia. Exquisite bits of statuary, priceless Aubusson tapestries, graceful bronze torches and delicate pieces of French furniture make of this hall a veritable treasure-house

Photos by J. C. Maugans

THE NEW ALBEE THEATRE IN BROOKLYN

This Four-Million-Dollar Vaudeville House, Built by E. F. Albee, Combines Perfectly the Luxuriousness of a Palace, the Comfort of a Club and the Glamour of the Theatre

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Aurora	Grand Rapids	Portland
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Brooklyn	Jacksonville	Salt Lake City
Buffalo	Jersey City	Savannah
Camden	Kansas City	Seattle
Chattanooga	Louisville	South Bend
Cincinnati	Milwaukee	Stamford
Cleveland	Minneapolis	Toledo
Columbus	Montreal	Toronto
Davenport	New Orleans	Trenton
Dayton	Omaha	Washington
Denver	Oshkosh	Williamsport
Duluth	Peoria	Wilmington
Easton	Philadelphia	Worcester

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PACKARD

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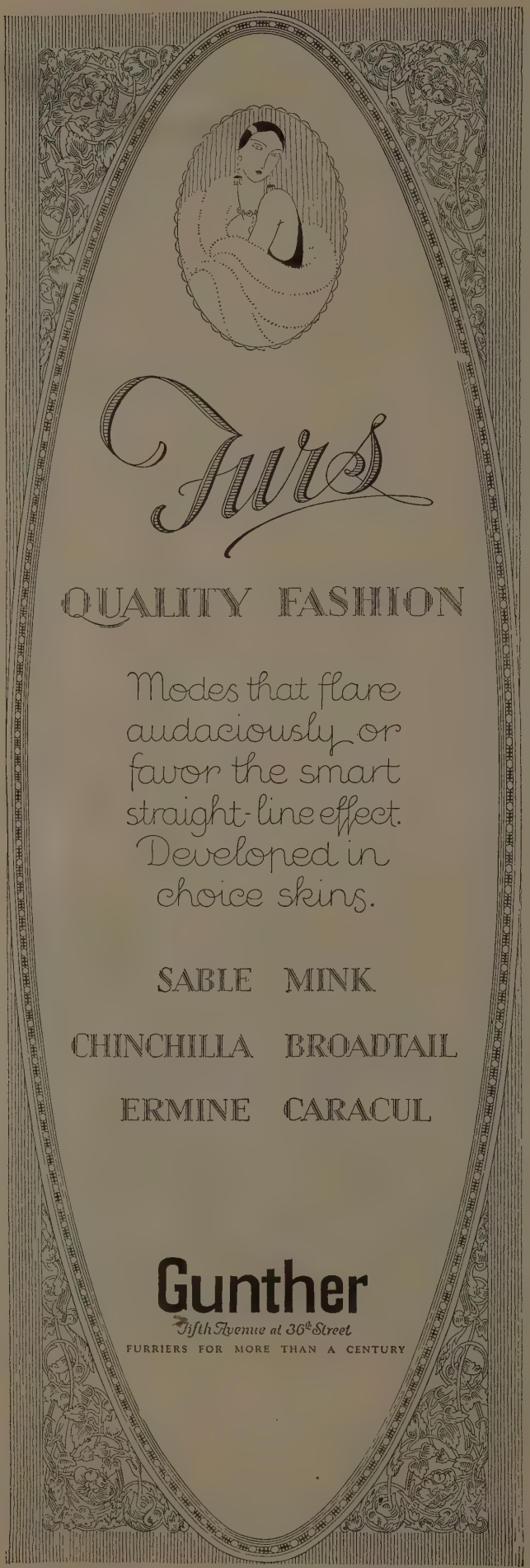

WHAT IS SEX APPEAL?

(*Continued from page 9*)

two because she has more likeability. It may even be that she has greater faults than the actress without "sex appeal," faults of character which are contemptible, but nevertheless we pardon her for her likeability. We forgive in the likeable faults and follies which we would cruelly condemn in the unlikeable.

What we really mean, then, by "sex appeal" in a woman is probably her femininity. There is a more intense femininity in the actress with "sex appeal" than there is in the actress without it. She somehow suggests the essence of womanhood to us. There will always be a good position on the stage for the woman who makes the audience say, "Isn't she clever?" but the finest position will always be reserved for the woman who makes it say, "Isn't she a darling?"

WHAT PRICE CHARM

PERHAPS the most pathetic spectacle in the world is the actress of real ability and wide experience but hardly any "sex appeal." She may have spent her life in the theatre and know her job from A to Z. She may be quick at understanding an author's intentions and even be able to make suggestions for improving his play. She may give fine performances during rehearsals and make the manager and the producer and the author imagine that she will capture the enthusiasm of the audiences who assemble to see the play, but as sure as there is a sun in the heavens she will fail to excite or hold the public favor. In the terrible, condemning sentence of the theatre, she "cannot get over." But some untried girl, with few abilities and hardly any technique, will instantly seize the attention of the audience and keep it.

INSECURITY OF STAGE LURE

THE odd thing about this "sex appeal" is that critics seem to feel it less than ordinary playgoers, perhaps because they are more highly specialized in the technique of acting. Critics have extravagantly and frequently praised actresses and induced managers to engage them for "star" parts, but the public have remained unimpressed and the unhappy actresses have dropped down to secondary parts. That is why our authors complain that there are no actresses nowadays who can act. What they mean is that the number of actresses who possess an abundance of "sex appeal" and ability is rare—but then they always were. There is no accounting for this thing. But one may add to this statement that the actress who is lucky to have "sex appeal" will make a frightful mistake if she is content to exploit it and does not try to increase her skill. "Youth's a stuff will not endure." Charm gives out, if it be not strengthened with ability. One casts one's mind back and remembers young actresses who were "stars" a few years ago and wonders where they are. Suddenly comes the realization that they never were good actresses, that they were lucky to have "sex appeal," but were too lazy or stupid to learn their technique. And now the "sex appeal" has gone or been diminished. I said, earlier in this article, that the most tragic figure in the theatre is that of the actress who has ability, but no "sex appeal," but it would have been truer if I had said that the most tragic figure of all is that of the actress who once had "sex appeal" and popularity and was content with that—and now has neither.

HOW TO SAVE THE MOVIES FROM STAGE BLIGHT

(*Continued from page 22*)

have now. The capacities of the camera are almost limitless, but at present you go to a hundred movies and find that the camera has been set to do very little except record acting. Give it back to the directors as an enchanting plaything and they may yet enchant the world with it.

I am myself not in sympathy with "little movies" on the system of little theatres; yet it is possible that for a very short time the films which issue from an experimental studio will appeal to a comparatively small number of people. If I had the arrangement of a program, I should issue these experiments, in one and two reels, as parts of the conventional programs, and see how soon the spectators would come to look eagerly for them and to express their approval. Even this would not be necessary. Even if no single reel were successful, the things learned in the production would find their justification in what the directors afterwards did in their regular productions. It may be that the directors would return to realism and acting—I hope not. They could hardly fail to learn something from a free experiment with their medium. Perhaps if they did the *Cabirias* and *Caligaris* and *Last Laughs* would not all come from abroad, and our own *Birth of a Nation* would not stand out in such solitary eminence. Perhaps, too, the imagination of our movie fans would soon recover from the stultification which now possesses them and makes it hard for them to recognize and care for fantasy and imaginative power when it does occur on the screen.

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It is so agreeable, so flattering . . . this moment of silence! A charming tribute to the woman who is truly distinguée. Her wrap whispers softly of Paris. Gloves, jewels and flowers repeat its soft theme. And the perfume that gives the last artistic touch to her personality? "C'est le parfum Jouir," she will tell you . . . a fascinating new scent from Fioret.

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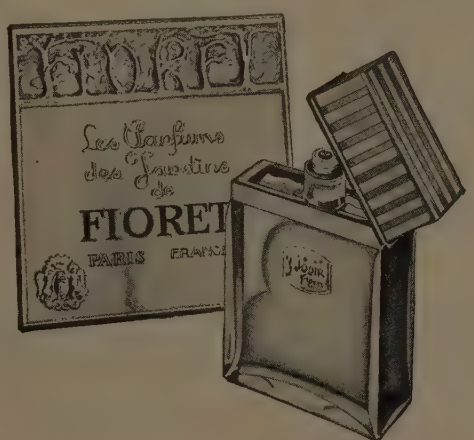

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THE WRITING OF A MUSICAL COMEDY

(*Continued from page* 10)

ing a new play. Let him not delude himself that all he has to do is to shorten the piece so that the addition of musical numbers will make it the requisite length. It is by no means a case of making a few cuts here and there and then handing the story over to the composer, saying: "Just add tunes and serve." Rather his task is akin to that of a bell-molder who undertakes to remold an old bell into a new one. He does not carve out a piece here and solder on a piece there, but melts down the entire bell in a crucible and holds it afresh.

Only by this method will the result be other than a patchwork job. Whether the plot idea be borrowed or original, the scenario must be his own, for though his structure must be a logical development of the theme, he is working with a totally different aim from that of a man building a non-musical play. He is constructing an interrelated series of scenes which must lead logically to tunes. (To return to the figure of the tree, each scene is a twig terminating in a musical blossom.)

With this complete scenario before him—a scenario which unfolds the story from beginning to end, introduces all the characters and discloses their relation to each other and interweaves all the plot-strands—he must now tackle his main consideration, which is, What part of the burden is to be put upon the musician?

MAKING PLACE FOR TUNES

HERE he is met with a multitude of troubles. For, as we said a moment ago, not only must each musical number constitute a logical ending of a scene, or be in itself a scene or an episode, or a musical exposition of a character—but these musical moments must be so arranged that there is a constant change and variety of key, tempo, type and strength. A well-built act, for example, will not have two or more duets following each other. Neither will you find two or more numbers in the same type of tempo, placed near together: a two-four tune may follow a three-four or four-four, but not a two-four.

It is essential that the numbers be arranged in climactic order so that as the act progresses the interest (as gauged by audience reaction) will constantly increase. Many a time a "charming" number, coming just after a number of tremendous strength, has "died." Many a time such a number has been saved, however, by a change of position in the act. Each number must be right and proper in its relationship to the number that has just been played.

But changing the position of a number in an act is easier said than done, because with the number must go the dramatic bough on which it hangs. In order to shift two tune-and-scene units from the places where you planned they should be you may have to rebuild the entire act structure.

And always the problem of the ensemble is to be borne in mind. For this form of entertainment the eye is to be pleased no less than the ear.

Because of these many considerations, the experienced writer of musical comedies will have a very clear-cut idea of all the musical moments in a play, and their sequence, before he touches pen to a line of dialogue.

By the time he starts in on that final stage of the work eighty per cent. of his task has been accomplished. Let us hope that he may be able to approach this dialogue-writing with a mind unfrazzled by the problems he has fought his way through; for the layman will judge his contribution to the entertainment solely by "the stuff the actors get off between songs."

REWRITING FOR THE CAST

AS a matter of fact, however, the author's work is by no means ended with the writing of the dialogue. The neatly typed manuscript is A Show He'd Like to See Presented. Unfortunately the piece as he has written it, can never be presented. Something reasonably like it perhaps—but not the play he has written.

For when his piece goes into rehearsal he will realize that the scarcest thing in the world is a good musical-comedy cast. Ideal performers—such as authors fondly dream of—are super-beings who can *act, dance, sing* and *fill the eye*—doing all these things with equal perfection. Human performers, on the other hand, have their limitations. It will be a blow to him to discover that most of the people engaged for the cast are of the human variety.

He may find, for example, that the prima donna who is to play the rôle of his heroine can sing the songs acceptably but is unable to meet the dramatic requirements. Consequently some of her scenes may have to be rewritten in a key in which she can handle them. The man chosen to play her lover turns out to be a splendid actor who is charming except when he attempts to sing—so charming that all concerned agree that his two numbers had best be thrown out. But in order that this operation may be successfully performed, all the scenes relating to these two numbers must be rewritten.

The better the scene, the worse it will appear if not well acted. The better the scene, the better the actor it takes to play it. This may sound like an author's alibi, but I believe that any experienced director will bear me out in it.

Comedy scenes can fall utterly flat in the hands of star comedians. The truth is that some of the most popular funny men in the musical-show field are not actors at all. They are highly individual "comics," each with his own bag of tricks. The moment one of these men tries anything outside his special "line" he ceases to be funny.

J. M. LANSINGER, *Publisher*

H. N. SWANSON, *Editor*

College Humor

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The Best Comedy in America

Volume Six — NOVEMBER, 1925 — Number Four

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Hence the author must either try to write scenes that will fit the comedian's rigmarole, or else turn him loose to "do his stuff" according to his own devices. In which event a lot of time-honored gags will be interpolated into the dialogue for the critics to pounce on.

By the time you have made all these changes and arranged "spots" for specialty dancers and acrobats, your producer will get nervous about the huge sums of money he is hazarding. Just to "play safe" he will engage three or four more stars at high salaries. "These people certainly ought to draw the crowd," is his explanation. "Work them in somehow, won't you? I promised them they'd have good parts."

This is sound showmanship, because big names do bring the public to the theatre. But when the public arrives to view its favorites, it will be grievously disappointed if the musical comedy they appear in is a shocking hodge-podge. Hence the persevering rewriter, who once regarded himself as an author, must continue his rewriting.

During the tryout on the road preliminary to the New York or Chicago opening the process continues. New numbers substituted for ones which didn't go so well. New scenes in place of some which slackened the interest of the audience. Perhaps a few cast changes. In any case, plenty of rebuilding and redialoguing.

The show which has its formal première is a final version—except for such emendations as will be made during the week or so after the opening. It is now almost unrecognizably different from the way it read in that first fair manuscript. Is the author satisfied with it? No. He knows its imperfections and inconsistencies better than anyone else.

Is he unhappy over it? No. Gazing at this intended apple tree which now somehow has cherry blossoms on it, a plum or two and a few pears, and perhaps a few raspberries, he is merely philosophic. But a month later when, and if, it is an established hit, giving pleasure to thousands, he will be childishly proud of it.

A musical comedy is a compromise. The author must be prepared to make a hundred concessions and yet not sacrifice anything of the vital substance of his play.

A STUDY IN SCURRILITY

(*Continued from page* 24)

the stalk of Discipline that those pleasantly deceptive flowers, "Liberty and Freedom," have always blossomed thickest. Logic, which is the one sure basic differentiation between man and beast, is the very epitome of Discipline. Even in those instances where man's good end has been attained through an apparent resistance to the current discipline, it will be found that the result has been consummated by the light of the very sparks engendered in the conflict. Every civilization has faced inevitably the choice between death and what is implied by the word "smut." All through each one's history may be traced the performance of a moral pendulum that has swung occasionally from health in art to disease in art; whatever date marks the failure of a pendulum to swing back, that date also marks the time on which a civilization began to wane.

In the old days when George M. Cohan was an important producer, the managerial custom, where weak spots developed in a production, was meaninglessly to wave the flag and have the actors cheer; during the last few seasons that custom has been supplanted by the equally meaningless one of waving a stretch of filth and having the actors splatter the audience with obscenity.

This is especially true in the so-called "sex play," where, if the author does not force his character for sheer novelty's sake into sexual perversion, as one did in a badly written thing called *The God of Vengeance,* he has nothing to write about but one lone action, which he must treat in the cheap, hackneyed jargon of the moron in order that the play may earn the money that is its sole, managerial object.

These plays, however, to Mr. Broun and his critical coadjutors somehow seem to symbolize Liberty and Freedom. Now all his critical crew and many of the pornographic writers they sanction have apparently one other thing in common: they, like the vice reformers they excoriate, are all vice reformers. Whereas Mr. Sumner and the people he represents betray evidence of wanting to tear down the theatrical fence entirely; the critics and their playfellows seem anxious to have spattered on the fence more and filthier words and symbols. They seem anxious to free the theatre of intelligence, virtue, beauty and humor and substitute the sick, hot, obsessional tyrants of Sex and Smut. Perhaps they are only trying to show off before their respective "followings" or endeavoring to make good with that bloc of New York's population which buys most newspapers; or, it may be, in attempts to understand higher and better things they have come across the idea which inspired both Jung and Saint Augustine: that from the dung heap grows the lily. If this be the case, then they have proven again that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing; for while they have located the manure heap true enough, they have mistaken the roots for the lily and have followed them hungrily down into the dung.

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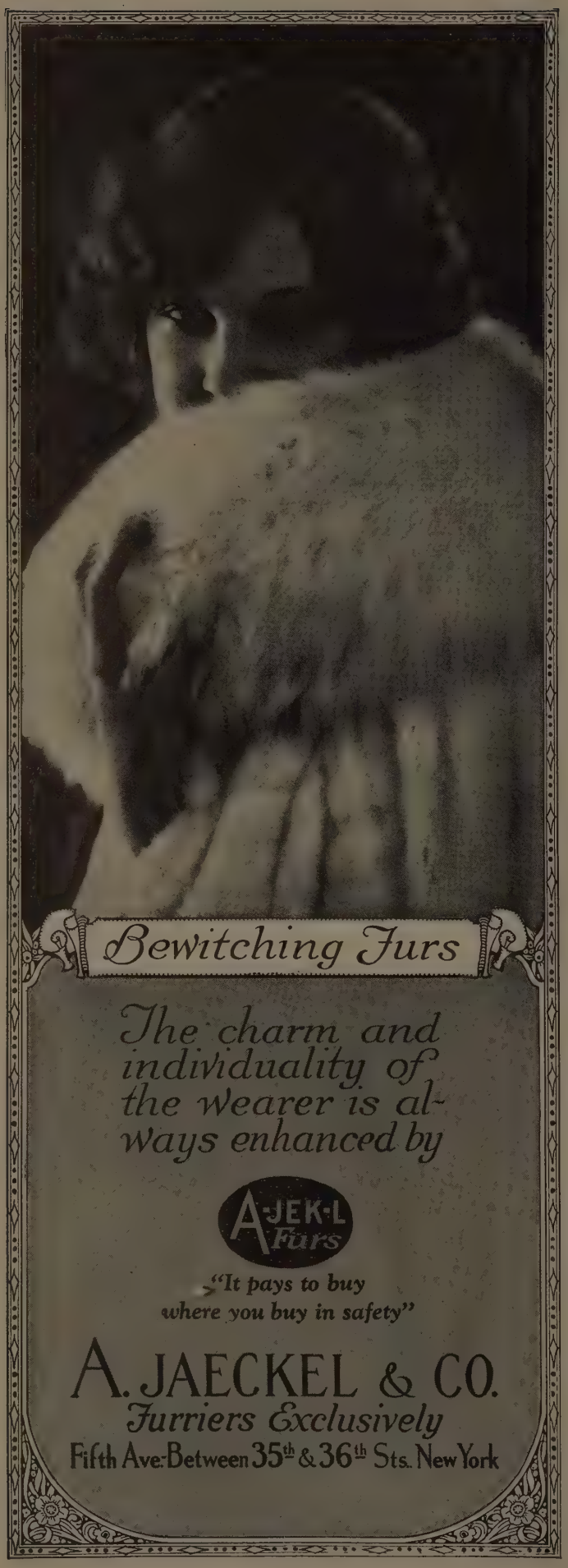
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New Plays of the Month

All Dressed Up. Comedy in three acts by Arthur Richman. Produced by A. H. Woods at the Eltinge Theatre, Sept. 9, with this cast:

Raymond Stevens.....Norman Trevor
Swords .....George Riddell
Eileen Stevens.....Kay Johnson
Donald West.....James Crane
James Collester.....T. Wigney Percyval
Wallace Stevens.....Louis Bennison
Stuart Stevens.....Elliot Cabot
Virginia Liscom.....Lillian Kemble-Cooper
Philip Liscom.....Malcolm Duncan

Arms and the Man. Comedy in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. Produced by the Theatre Guild at the Guild Theatre, Sept. 14, with this cast:

Raina .....Lynn Fontanne
Catherine Petkoff.....Jane Wheatley
Louka .....Stella Larrimore
Captain Bluntschli.....Alfred Lunt
Russian Officer.....Maurice McRae
Nicola .....Henry Travers
Major Paul Petkoff.....Ernest Cossart
Major Sergus Saranoff...Pedro de Cordoba

Canary Dutch. Melodrama in three acts by Willard Mack. Produced by David Belasco at the Lyceum Theatre, Sept. 8, with this cast:

John Weldon.....John Miltern
Mr. Lengloh.....Albert Gran
"Biff" Schulte.....Sidney Toler
Warden John Healy....George MacQuarrie
Herman Strauss.....Willard Mack
Dick Smith.....Charles McCarthy
"Greek" George.....John Harrington
The "Snail".....Ralph Sipperly
Izzy the Fishhook.....Anthony Knilling
Denver Red.....Royce Alton
Doctor Higby.....William Boag
Toby .....Charles Moran
Old Dan.....Thomas Meegan
Mrs. John Weldon....Catherine Dale Owen
Mrs. Gilligan.....Annie Mack Berlein
Gwendolyn Slavin.....Beatrice Banyard

Captain Jinks. Musical comedy in two acts. Music by Lewis E. Gensler and Stephen Jones, book by Frank Mandel and Laurence Schwab. Produced by Messrs. Schwab and Mandel at the Martin Beck Theatre, Sept. 8, with this cast:

Captain Jinks.....J. Harold Murray
Lieut. Charles Martin...Max Hoffman, Jr.
Seaman Frederick Lane.....Arthur West
Belliarti .....Ferris Hartman
Hap Jones.....Joe E. Brown
A Federal Inspector.....Sam Coit
A Policeman.....O. J. Vanasse
Mlle. Suzanne Trentoni.....Louise Brown
Honey Johnson.....Marion Sunshine
Annie, Trentoni's Maid.....Nina Olivette
Mrs. Hochsnitz.....Bella Pogany
Times Reporter.....Wally Crisham
World Reporter.....Bill Brown
Journal Reporter.....Frederick Murray
News Reporter.....Jack Forrester
Band Leader.....Jackie Taylor

Clouds. Play in three acts by Helen Broun. Produced by Woodhouse Productions, Inc., at the Cort Theatre, Sept. 2, with this cast:

"Ma" Adams.....Louise Carter
Richard Adams.....Ramsey Wallace
Nancy Phelps.....Isabelle Winlocke
June Phelps.....Marian Swayne
Johnny Phelps.....Alfred Little
Robert Campbell.....Howard Freeman
Dr. Lawrence.....Guy Hitner

Courting. Comedy in three acts by A. Kenward Matthews. Produced by Lee Shubert at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, Sept. 12, with this cast:

Mrs. Grant.....Jean Douglas Wilson
Elsie Ferguson.....Betty Lely
Kenneth Grant.....Angus Adams
Andrew Grant.....J. Nelson Ramsay
Rev. J. Kilmarnock.....John Duncan
Jeannie Grant.....Jean Clyde
Maggie Houston.....Denzil Mather
Robert Lindsay.....Vernon Sylvaine

Cradle Snatchers. Farce comedy by Russell Medcraft and Norma Mitchell. Produced by Sam H. Harris at the Music Box Theatre, Sept. 7, with this cast:

Susan Martin.....Mary Boland
Ethel Drake.....Edna May Oliver
Kitty Ladd.....Margaret Dale
Anne Hall.....Mary Loane
Elinor .....Myra Hampton
Francine .....Mary Murray
Jackie .....Moon Carroll
Henry Winton.....Raymond Hackett
George Martin.....Cecil Owen
Roy Ladd.....Willard Barton
Howard Drake.....Stanley Jessup
Jose Vallejo.....Humphrey Bogart
Oscar Nordholm.....Raymond Guion
Paul .....Gerald Phillips
Maid .....Margaret Moreland

Dearest Enemy. Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Herbert Fields, lyrics by Lorenz Hart, music by Richard Rodgers. Produced by George Ford at the Knickerbocker Theatre, Sept. 18, with this cast:

Mrs. Robert Murray.....Flavia Arcaro
Caroline .....Alden Gay
Annabelle .....Marian Williams
Peg .....Jane Overton
Jane Murray.....Helen Spring
Jimmy Burke.....Andrew Lawler, Jr.
Captain Harry Tryon.....John Seymour
General Henry Clinton.....William Evil
Lieutenant Sudsby.....Arthur Brown
General Sir William Howe...Harold Crane
General John Tryon.....Detmar Poppen
Captain Sir John Copeland..Charles Purcell
Betsy Burke.....Helen Ford
General Israel Putnam.....Percy Woodley
Major Aaron Burr.....James Cushman
Private Peters.....Jack Shannon
Private Lindsay.....Mark Truscott
Private Woods.....Percy French
Envoy .....Frank Lambert
General George Washington.H. E. Eldridge

Harvest. Play in three acts by Kate Horton. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert in association with John Cromwell at the Belmont Theatre, Sept. 19, with this cast:

Mrs. Sonrel.....Louise Closser Hale
Emil Sonrel.....Elmer Cornell
Sonrel .....Augustin Duncan
Rose Sonrel.....Ethel Taylor
Miss Knight.....Hilda Spong
Old Man Knight.....Wallace Erskine
Richard Knight.....Frederick March
Chuck Rathbun.....Ronald Savery

Love's Call. Play in three acts by Joe Byron Totten. Produced by Totten and Simmons at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, Sept. 10, with this cast:

Sweet-meat Man.....Conde Brewer
Ox Driver..... Singha
Juanita .....Lita Lopez
Francesco .....Rawls Hampton
Therese .....Anne Mitchell
Pasquale .....Barry Mervis
The Padre.....Stanley Grand
First Water-girl.....Arden Benlian
Second Water-girl.....Geraldyne Bartlett
Clyde Wilson Harrison....Mitchell Harris
Piquita .....Galina Kopernak
First Porter.....Alfred L. Rigali
Second Porter.....Jose Rivas
Donkey Driver.....George Spelvin
Don Pedro De Scarillo....Robert Gleckler
Sancho .....Anthony Andre
Sue Gertrude Madison.....Norma Phillips

No, No, Nanette. Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel, lyrics by Irving Cæsar and Otto Harbach, music by Vincent Youmans. Produced by H. H. Frazee at the Globe Theatre, Sept. 16, with this cast:

Pauline .....Georgia O'Ramey
Sue Smith.....Eleanor Dawn
Billy Early.....Wellington Cross
Lucille .....Josephine Whittell
Nanette .....Louise Groody
Tom Trainor.....Jack Barker
Jimmy Smith.....Charles Winninger
Betty .....Beatrice Lee
Winnie .....Mary Lawlor
Flora .....Edna Whistler
Helen .....Helen Keyes
Ethel .....Ethel Gibson
Beatrice .....Beatrice Wilson
Eva .....Eva Vincent
Beth .....Beth Milton
Marjorie .....Marjorie Bailey
Hazel .....Hazel Pando
Ruth .....Ruth Kent
Bonnie .....Bonnie Bland
Lucille .....Lucille Moore

Outside Looking In. Play in three acts by Maxwell Anderson, dramatized from Jim Tully's *Beggars of Life.* Produced by Macgowan, Jones and O'Neill at the Greenwich Village Theatre, Sept. 7, with this cast:

Skelly .....Wallace House
Bill .....Raphael Byrnes
Rubin .....James Martin
Mose .....Harry D. Blakemore
Little Red.....James Cagny
Edna .....Blyth Daly
Baldy .....Reginald Barlow
Hopper .....Barry Macollum
Arkansas Snake.....David A. Leonard
Oklahoma Red.....Charles A. Bickford
Blind Sims.....Richard Sullivan
Ukie .....Sidney Machat

(*Continued on page 66*)

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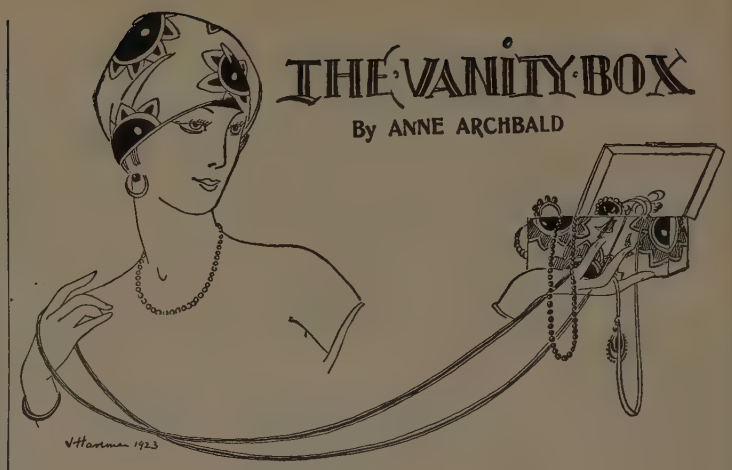

THE VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

IF you are looking through the theatre lists for a play to see and come on *Oh, Mama!* (The Playhouse), don't let the frivolity of the title prejudice you away from it. Because whatever you may happen to think afterwards about its French-farcical qualities, at least it has always Alice Brady in the cast. And Alice Brady can never really be uninteresting even should she try.

She is a delicious *gamine* in this play, which offers her as well the chance for putting over two songs delightfully (Raquel Meller admirers, attention!) . . and she wears some advance Fall models that are very much worth your notice. These include a spiffy set of pajamas, a chic pink felt hat with modified stove-pipe crown and a dinner gown in red over a gold metal slip, with a muffler scarf around the throat. Her dark waved bob shines alluringly under the lights.

"What is it you use on it for that sheen?" we asked later on in the dressing-room. "Is there a new brilliantine or anything that we can hand on to an always waiting world?"

"No, not that I know of," said Miss Brady. "I use nothing on my hair except the elbow grease recommended from time immemorial by beauty experts. . .

"Or no, that isn't strictly true," she continued. "I do exercise a bit on my hair, that's perfectly true. But I'm using along with the exercise some wonderful new brushes, just made specially for bobbed hair. . . They're handle-less, like the men's military brushes we've always known about, only they have longer bristles. You can buy them in a set or separately. I prefer the sets myself, you get better and quicker results. And you do get them, don't you? Other people besides yourself have been noticing my hair. It's not only that it has that nice sheen, but the brushing with these brushes seems to be particularly good for the hair . . makes it grow . . makes it light and fluffy. . .

"Where does one get the brushes? Oh, at The ———, of course," wound up Miss Brady, naming those wonderful hair experts who know all that there is to be known in the world about every phase of hair beauty.

To be sure! We might have guessed it ourself if we had stopped to think. And if they are sponsoring the brushes, 'nuff said. Don't fail to acquire some for your soul's—and your hair's—sake.

Miss Brady showed me another new and intriguing beauty product which has but just chipped its shell. It—or rather *they*—are called "Freshies" and are little books of fine tissue treated with cold cream, reminding one somewhat of the old-fashioned "papier poudres," though a bit larger in size. One tears a leaf from the book, Miss Brady showed me, and freshens the face whenever needed, which usually happens, till the end of the day.

We were frightfully taken with this invention. How often have we wished before putting on our make-up for the evening's gaieties . . we mean when out and unable to get home . . for something to remove the stale make-up before starting in on a new layer.

Powder and rouge, powdered and rouged over all day long, is bound to give the skin a dingy look. Behold, these "Freshies" were the very thing to meet that situation!

We investigated the "Freshies" on our own account after we had left Miss Brady and liked them even better. The tissues are of the finest Japanese paper and the cream with which they are impregnated a pure, well-known product. Besides the booklets, they come in larger quantities, in smart flat tin boxes, to slip into one's bag for traveling . . motoring, shipboard, or what have you. . . Women, we learned, in the short time since they have appeared, are simply eating them up.

For the price of the new "bob brushes" and where they may be purchased, likewise as to the "Freshies," write The Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th Street, New York City.*

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THE FAMILY UP-STAIRS

(*Continued from page* 28)

CHARLES: When I told you that I loved you, you believed me, didn't you?

LOUISE: Yes, Charles.

CHARLES: And when I tell you now that there's nothing I want more in the world than to make you my wife, you believe that too, don't you?

LOUISE: Yes, Charles.

CHARLES: Then you'll believe me now when I tell you I didn't realize what I was doing. Louise, it's best that you know now. I cannot give you the things I want to.

LOUISE: Well, I know you cannot do very much; we talked about that.

CHARLES: It isn't right to expect you to battle along with me on forty dollars a week.

LOUISE: But I have faith in you.

CHARLES: Louise, I can't even give you the pretty little dresses and things you ought to have.

Louise suspects that Charles' changed attitude has been caused by something her mother has said.

LOUISE: What has my mother told you?

CHARLES: Your mother understands.

LOUISE: My mother—my own mother!

CHARLES: She means it for your happiness.

LOUISE: Happiness! Why, I've never known the meaning of the word, and now this one time when the whole world seems right here, close beside me, all smashed by my own mother.

CHARLES: But she's right, dear. She wants you to have everything — a home, a maid—a car.

LOUISE: Oh, how I knew they'd do this—how I knew. I always dreaded bringing anyone here. That's why I didn't want to tell them we are engaged. I knew their talk—their bluff would do this. (*She has risen to a passionate outburst. She calls loudly and commandingly.*) Mother, come in; Father, you too——

They all enter and are amazed at Louise's manner.

LOUISE: Sit down, do you hear me—sit down. Now listen to me, all of you. This is the end. I have stood as much of this as could be expected of any girl. Mother, what have you been telling Mr. Grant?

MOTHER: I——

FATHER: You've been at it again.

Mother protests that she hasn't done anything. Louise berates her for humiliating her.

MOTHER: I don't know what you're driving at.

LOUISE: You do. It's the terrible lies —lies—that's all they are! Bluff!

MOTHER: I didn't say a thing.

LOUISE: You have done everything to shame me, to make me feel that I am only a poor nobody.

MOTHER: Listen to that girl talk to her mother after all I——

LOUISE: You have taken every bit of self-respect I ever possessed away from me.

CHARLES: Please, Louise, you must not.

LOUISE: Listen to me, Charles; everything is a lie. Everything you heard. I have no young men paying attentions to me. They don't call me up. And I make my own dresses, every one of them. This blouse is the first thing I haven't made in all my life, and it is a lie about the automobile and the maids—all lies. No one wants to marry me, no one ever did. I am not good enough for them; I am only a plain girl, a nobody. I am not good enough for you, do you hear?

CHARLES: But, Louise.

LOUISE: They would force me at you—trick you into marrying me.

CHARLES: Listen, dear.

LOUISE: It was all bluff, bluff, lies, begging you——

CHARLES: But, Louise, I don't care what——

LOUISE: They have killed every bit of self-respect I have ever had; they have made me a nothing. I'll never be able to face you again. I wish I were dead, dead, dead! (*She rushes away and Charles takes his hat and leaves.*)

* * * * * * *

ACT THREE takes place four hours later. The room is quiet, with an atmosphere of calm after the storm. Willie and Annabelle enter, complaining about the lateness of the Sunday dinner. Father joins them and soon Mother appears. It is evident she has been crying.

MOTHER: To think they were engaged all the time—secretly.

FATHER: Come on now, will you forget it and get me something to eat.

MOTHER: Secrets from me. Her mother, me, whose only happiness is hers. For twenty-three years I have scrimped and saved——

Father and Mother talk over the broken engagement and the part Mother played in it, with Father trying to comfort her for the mistakes she has made. Louise enters the room in street attire, carrying a traveling bag.

FATHER: Going away?

LOUISE: Yes.

FATHER: What do you mean, dear, you're "going away."

LOUISE: I want to be alone—I want to think—I want to—— (*She lays her head on Father's shoulder and starts to have a good cry.*)

FATHER (*stroking her hair*): There, there, my little girl, you don't want to think. Go away and forget.

LOUISE: Oh, Daddy, you seem to understand so much better than Mother.

FATHER: No, I don't, dear. Mother understands better than both of us, but she just balls up things without meaning to do it. Just little pink lies, or is it red that they are—I don't remember. Mother's all right.

LOUISE: But I do love him so.

FATHER: Oh, well, you'll soon forget.

LOUISE: I'll never be able to forget him.

Louise sits on her father's knee while he tries to cheer her up. She tells him she is going to visit a friend

Carolina Folk Plays

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Edited with an introduction on Folk Playmaking by Professor Frederick H. Koch of the University of North Carolina, who founded the Dakota Playmakers and the Carolina Playmakers.

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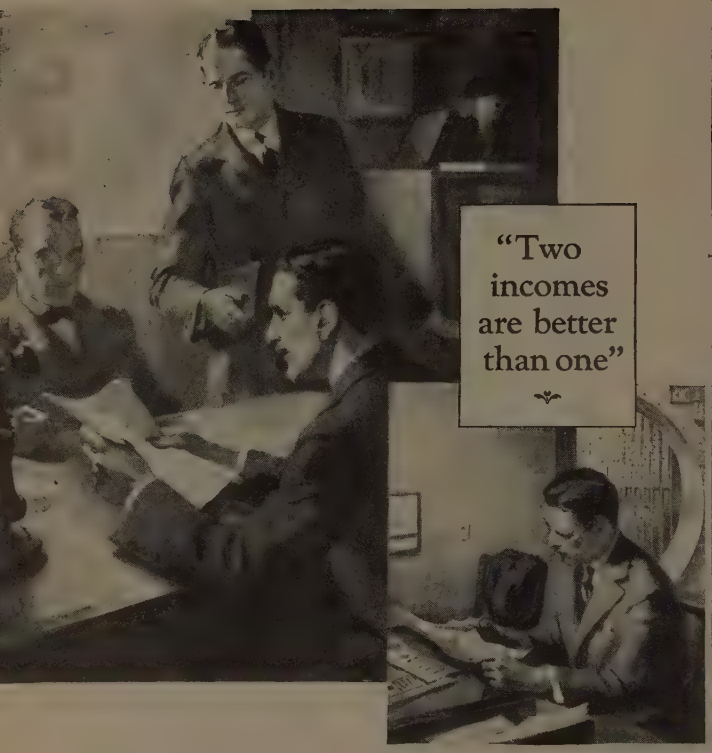

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in Philadelphia. The phone bell rings several times, and each time they think it may be Charles Grant telephoning.

FATHER: Mmmm—mmm—mmmmmm—m-maybe——it's him.

LOUISE: If it is—I don't want to talk to him.

The call proves to be for Willie. Louise leaves the room and soon Willie enters, crying.

WILLIE: Mama! Mama!

FATHER: What's the matter? What's the matter?

MOTHER: What is it, Willie darling?

WILLIE: He—he—he's down-stairs.

FATHER and MOTHER: Who's down-stairs?

MOTHER: Who, darling?

WILLIE: Him—Mr. Grant. I just saw him.

MOTHER: Where?

WILLIE: He's sitting on the stoop.

MOTHER: He hasn't left?

WILLIE: No, he's sitting on the stoop. (*Puff—puff.*) I was watching him—he's waiting for Louise.

Father decides it is about time for him to take the situation in hand.

FATHER: Now wait a minute. You've had your chance at fixing things. From now on I'm going to be the starter in this house. (*To Willie*): Now listen, here's a chance for you to find out if you've got enough sense to even be a politician. (*As Willie opens his mouth, he sh's him with the same gesture*): Don't talk—listen. Give your brain a chance to find out if its any good except for scrambling. Now you go outside and when you see this feller walk past him first as if you didn't see him. Then turn your head around like this and say, "Hello, what are you hanging around for?" If he's any good, he'll start to pump you about your sister, and you say to him: "Well, after what you did, I don't think she'll talk to you."

WILLIE: But he didn't do anything. Mom did it.

FATHER: I know, but he'll think he did something and he'll want to come back and square it. That's the main idea, to get him back here without letting him know we WANT him back.

Willie departs on his mission and Father is left in the room alone. Soon there is a knock and Charles Grant enters.

CHARLES: William said Louise was going away.

FATHER: Yes, she's just taking a little trip.

CHARLES: I'd like to speak to her, if I may, before she leaves.

FATHER: I don't think she'd want to see you, Mr. Grant. (*Charles turns as if to exit and Father says quickly*): However, if you care to wait, she has to pass this door on her way out, and she might—but I doubt——

Father leaves the room, whistling the wedding march as Louise enters. Charles tries vainly to effect a reconciliation.

LOUISE: But Mother has dwelt so much on my marriage that I've become self-conscious that she is looking for a husband for me.

CHARLES: But we knew. We were engaged before your mother was aware of it.

LOUISE: You might as well know the truth—she looked on you as an opportunity—you were the chance. I didn't want my marriage schemed. I wanted it to come of itself—not have it pointed out—molded for me.

CHARLES: But, dear, you weren't urged to it. Let's go some place where we can be alone.

LOUISE: I'm going away, Charles. Perhaps when I return——

They are interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Grant, Charles' mother, and his young brother. They were summoned there by Mr. Heller—a strategical move on his part.

MRS. GRANT: What's the matter with my little girl? (*Louise turns and lays her head on Mrs. Grant's shoulder.*) There, there now, tell me all about it.

MOTHER: Well, it was this way.

There follow explanations, recriminations, excuses, criticisms, until things look badly muddled. Then Charles takes the floor.

CHARLES: Wait a minute, everybody—bluffs or no flubbs—family or no family—this is my affair. Louise, you're wrong—you're dead wrong. We want each other. You told me you cared for me before I ever came to your home. We were engaged by our own wishes—ourselves—no one else mattered—it was just ourselves. (*To Mother*): I understand what you did—and I love you for it—it shows what she means to you. (*To Louise*): What she did she did to make you happy. We will be happy, Louise; this is our first little battle. Come on—you're game—we'll kick and laugh our way through to our happiness. Come, dear, let us go. I want to be alone with you—just the two of us—the way we're going to be in our own little home.

Mutual forgiveness, congratulations and embraces follow. Louise and Charles leave together and Mrs. Grant and her young son depart. Mother and Father are left alone.

MOTHER: Gone—my little baby, gone. It only seems a few years ago that she came to us and now she's gone—gone from us.

FATHER: Well, you WANTED to get her married. Now you GOT it, ain't you EVER going to be satisfied. Stop your bawling.

MOTHER: You bring 'em up. You learn to love them—you give your life to them—then they find someone else to love and——

FATHER: For the love o' Mike, you ought to be happy now.

MOTHER (*another fresh sob*): I am.

FATHER: Then, for the love of God, will you get me some dinner; then I'll take you to the moving-picture show.

(CURTAIN)

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NEW PLAYS OF THE MONTH

(*Continued from page 58*)

The Book of Charm. Comedy in three acts by John Kirkpatrick. Produced by Rachel Crothers at the Comedy Theatre, Sept. 3, with this cast:

Mrs. Wilson.....Maidel Turner
Mrs. Harper.....Elizabeth Patterson
Joe Pond.....Kenneth Dana
Mr. Harper.....Charles D. Brown
Ida May Harper.....Mildred MacLeod
Mr. Lester.....Walton Butterfield
Rudolph Klein.....Lee Tracy
Mabel Sykes.....Anna Greenwood
Dr. Abrasinni.....James Brady
Dr. Garfield.....Robert Strauss
Mrs. Paxton.....Elsie Esmond
Mr. Paxton.....George Lydecker
Miss Mildred.....Emily Dodd
Babe.....Mary Walsh
Violet.....Lulu Mae Hubbard
Claude.....Edgar Henning

The Dagger. Play in three acts by Marion Wightman. Produced by L. Lawrence Weber at the Longacre Theatre, Sept. 9, with this cast:

Margot Legrande.....Emily Ann Wellman
The Mole.....Leslie King
Jean Dupont.....Robert Brister
Ragbag.....Mrs. Eugenie Woodward
A Little Man Who Plays a Guitar.....Biagio Longo
A Big Man Who Plays the Violin.....Joseph Livolsi
Jacques Hollard.....Philip Heege
Gabriel.....Manuel A. Alexander
Pierre the Dagger.....Ralph Morgan
Colette.....Sara Sothern
Georges Ponseau.....Orlando Daly
Marie Ponseau.....Isabel Leighton
Mademoiselle Mignonette Deruche.....Leah Winslow
"Coe," the Dope.....John F. Hamilton
Henri Du Pres.....Saxon Kling
Rene Michelet.....Charles Richman
Second Man.....Harry Taylor
Francois.....Walter Horton
Richard.....Richard Bowler
Eraine.....Ruth Raymond

The Fall of Eve. Comedy in three acts by John Emerson and Anita Loos. Produced by John Emerson at the Booth Theatre, Aug. 31, with this cast:

Percy.....Alonzo Fenderson
Mammy.....Nadine Winstan
Larry Webb.....Reginald Mason
Enid Craig.....Diantha Pattison
Herbert Craig.....Claude King
Amy Parker.....Cora Witherspoon
Eve Hutton.....Ruth Gordon
Ted Hutton.....Arthur Albertson
Sarah.....Doris Kemper

The First Flight. Play in three acts by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings. Produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Plymouth Theatre, Sept. 17, with this cast:

George Dozier.....Blaine Cordner
A Hessian.....John Triesalt
Hawk Peevey.....James P. Houston
Lonny Tucker.....John Tucker Battle
Major Singlefoote.....J. Merrill Holmes
Nigger.....T. J. Glover
Capt. Andy Jackson.....Rudolph Cameron
Charity Clarkson.....Helen Chandler
Hairy Lake.....Neill Neely
Wes Bibb.....James Bowman
1st Buckskin.....Jack B. Shea
2nd Buckskin.....Joseph McInerney
3rd Buckskin.....H. Ben Smith
Sairy.....Virginia Morgan
Rachel Donaldson.....Ellalee Ruby
Long John.....Jo Duckworth
Cissy Clarkson.....Julia Gorman
Mrs. Clarkson.....Caroline Newcomb

The Green Hat. Play in four acts by Michael Arlen. Produced by A. H. Woods at the Broadhurst Theatre, Sept. 15, with this cast:

A Lady's Maid.....Antoinette Parr
An English Reporter.....John Buckler
The Manager of the Hotel Vendome, Deauville.....Gustave Rolland
Dr. Conrad Masters.....A. P. Kaye
Gerald Haveleur March.....Paul Guilfoyle
Napier Harpenden.....Leslie Howard
Major General Sir Maurice Harpenden, Bart.....Eugene Powers
Hilary Townshend.....Gordon Ash
Iris Fenwick, née March.....Katherine Cornell
Venice Pollen.....Margalo Gillmore
Lord De Travest.....John Redmond
A Lady.....Jane Saville
Turner.....Harry Lilford
Sister Virginia.....Gwyneth Gordon
Sister Clothilde.....Anne Tonetti
Madelaine, a Nun.....Florence Foster
Truble.....Harry Barfoot

The Jazz Singer. Play in three acts by Samuel Raphaelson. Produced by Lewis and Gordon in association with Sam Harris at the Fulton Theatre, Sept. 14, with this cast:

Moey.....Benjamin Horn
Cantor Rabinowitz.....Howard Lang
Sara Rabinowitz.....Dorothy Raymond
Yudelson.....Sam Jaffe
Clarence Kahn.....Robert Russell
Jack Robin.....George Jessel
Gene.....Ted Athey
Eddie Carter.....Barney Fagan
Mary Dale.....Phoebe Foster
Harry Lee.....Arthur Stuart Hull
Randolph Dillings.....Robert Hudson

The Pelican. Drama in four acts by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood. Produced by A. H. Woods at the Times Square Theatre, Sept. 21, with this cast:

Gen. Sir John Heriot, Bart.....Fred Kerr
Lady Heriot.....Sybil Carlisle
Hermione Blundell.....Cynthia Latham
Beadon.....Ashton Tonge
Marcus Heriot.....Herbert Marshall
Charles Cheriton.....Henry Stephenson
Wanda Heriot.....Margaret Lawrence
Anna.....Alice Fleming
Paul Lauzun.....Boris Ranevsky
Robin.....Robert Andrews
Shaw.....Harry G. Bates

The Vagabond King. Musical play in two acts. Book and lyrics by Brian Hooker and W. H. Post, music by Rudolf Friml. Produced by Russell Janney at the Casino Theatre, Sept. 17, with this cast:

Rene de Montigny.....Robert Craik
Casin Cholet.....Leon Cunningham
Margot.....Katherine Hayes
Blanche.....Merle Stevens
Isabeau.....Vivian Kelley
Jean De Loup.....Marius Rogati
Hugette Du Hamel.....Jane Carroll
Jehanneton.....Mimi Hayes
Guy Tabarie.....Herbert Corthell
Tristan L'Hermite.....H. H. McCollum
Louis XI.....Max Figman
Francois Villon.....Dennis King
Katherine De Vaucelles.....Carolyn Thomson
Thibaut D'Aussigny.....Bryan Lycan
Captain of Scotch Archers.....Charles Carver
An Astrologer.....Leon Cunningham
Lady Mary.....Olga Treskoff
Noel Le Jolys.....Charles Vaughn Holly
Oliver Le Dain.....Julian Winter
Toison D'or.....Earl Waldo
The Queen.....Tamm Cortez
The Hangman.....Jack Rose
First Courtier.....Walter Cross
Second Courtier.....John Mealey
Harlequin.....Joseph S. Smith
Pirouette.....Helen Grenelle

The Vortex. Play in three acts by Noel Coward. Produced by J. P. Bickerton, Jr., in association with Basil Dean at the Henry Miller Theatre, Sept. 16, with this cast:

Preston.....George Harcourt
Helen Saville.....Auriol Lee
Pauncefort Quentin.....Leo G. Carroll
Clara Hibbert.....Jeannette Sherwin
Florence Lancaster.....Lilian Braithwaite
Tom Veryan.....Alan Hollis
Nicky Lancaster.....Noel Coward
David Lancaster.....David Glassford
Bunty Mainwaring.....Molly Kerr
Bruce Fairlight.....Thomas A. Braidon

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They Want To Know—

Q. How old was Duse when she first appeared on the stage?—J. C. W.

A. Her first rôle was Cosette in *Les Misérables,* when she was ten years old.

Q. What was the first Pirandello play to be given in America and who produced it?—F. Wilbur, Ohio.

A. *Six Characters in Search of an Author,* produced by Brock Pemberton.

Q. When was Burr McIntosh born? Will you please give me an account of his early years?—Ethel Davis, N. J.

A. Burr McIntosh was born in Wellsville, Ohio, August 11, 1862. He received his early education in Pittsburgh, Pa., and later went to Princeton, where he was prominent in athletics. Upon graduating, he entered newspaper work. For a time he was on the editorial staff of the Philadelphia *News.* He made his first professional appearance in *Paquita* at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

Q. In what play did Miss Judith Anderson appear before her hit in *Cobra?*—M. O. Nelson.

A. Miss Anderson was seen before that in *Peter Weston.*

Q. Can you tell me where Jose Alessandro was born and anything else of his history?—D. B. A.

A. Jose Alessandro was born in Buenos Aires. He began his stage career in 1916 in Barcelona. In Paris he appeared at the Odéon with Vera Sergine and he toured South America with Raquel Meller. In 1919 he played Wedekind's *Awakening of Spring* in Munich. He first attracted attention in New York when he appeared as Ethel Barrymore's leading man in *The Royal Fandango.*

Q. Did Joseph Schildkraut ever marry?—R. A. S.

A. Yes. His wife is Elise Bartlett Porter, a Southern girl who came to New York to win a place on the stage.

Q. When was *The Great Divide* first produced and where?—L. C.

A. Albany, New York, September 10, 1908. Henry Miller played the leading male rôle and Margaret Anglin the leading feminine part.

Q. Who is Miss Peggy Wood's husband?—Herman Mendel, N. Y.

A. John V. A. Weaver, a writer.

Q. In what play did the Equity players make their début and who were the important players?—I. M. H.

A. *Malvalocaa.* The principals were Jane Cowl, Rollo Peters, Frederick Burt and Louise Glosser Hale.

Q. In what plays beside *Made for Each Other* has Boots Wooster appeared?—Thos. Irving, Yonkers.

A. *Daddy Long Legs, The Littlest Rebel, Icebound.*

Q. Was Max Reinhardt ever in America before *The Miracle* brought him here?—Katherine Ogelsby, Mass.

A. Yes. He was here in 1911, when he brought to this country the Oriental ballet, *Sumurun.*

Q. Who played Golaud in Jane Cowl's presentation of *Pelléas and Mélisande?*—Lillian Stern, N. Y.

A. Louis Hector.

Q. What was Frances Starr's first rôle under David Belasco?—R. L. C., Jersey City.

A. Her first rôle under the Belasco management was Helen Stanton in *The Music Master.*

Q. Did George Arliss and Mrs. Fiske ever appear together? In what plays?—V. S. U.

A. *Becky Sharp, Leah Kleshna, The Rose, The Eyes of the Heart, The New York Idea* and *Rosmersholm.*

Q. Can you tell me some of the most important parts played by Helen Westley?—M. Ryan, Newark.

A. She played Zinida, the lion tamer, in *He Who Gets Slapped;* a peasant woman in *The Power of Darkness,* the part of the wife in *The Dancing Death,* the mother-in-law in *Jane Clegg,* an old Jewish woman in *The Treasure,* a beautiful and charming woman in *Bonds of Interest,* a Japanese woman of high caste in *The Faithful,* the mother in *John Ferguson,* the shrewish owner of the merry-go-round in *Liliom* and the "stage-mama" in *The Guardsman.*

Q. Is the girl who played the flapper in *Spring Cleaning* related to Arnold Daly?—Sydney Thorpe, N. Y.

A. Yes. Blythe Daly is his daughter.

Q. Where was Miss Julia Marlowe born?—H. Ackerman, N. H.

A. In the little town of Caldbeck in Cumberlandshire, England. However, she came to America when she was five years old.

Q. Did Cyril Scott ever appear with Lotta Crabtree?—N. L. M.

A. Yes. In *Pawn Ticket 210* and *The Little Detective.*

Q. When was Cecil Sorel born?—Olga Riesman, N. Y.

A. September 7, 1872.

Q. Can you give me the following information about Grace George: When and where she was born, in what play she made her début and under whose management?—Edward Severn, Conn.

A. Grace George was born in New York City, 1880. She made her first stage appearance in a small part in Charles Frohman's production of *The New Boy.*

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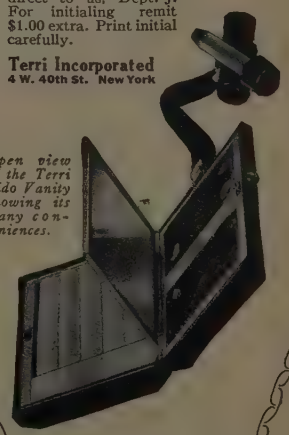

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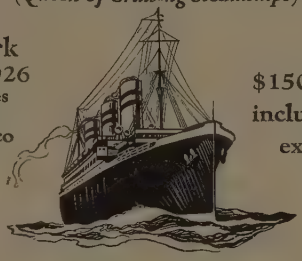

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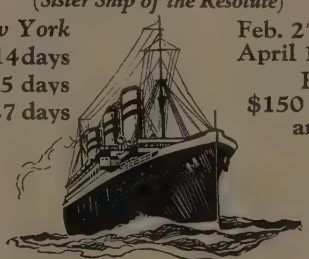

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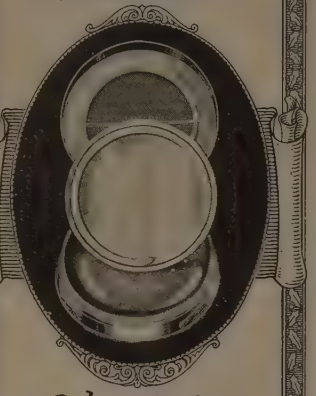

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Confessions of a Playwright

By SYDNEY ROSENFELD

IN 1898 I went to Europe. The net result of this expedition was three plays I secured from the German. I have already referred to *At the White Horse Tavern.* I brought home with me as well a musical play, *Heisses Blut,* which had two distinct and separate runs in New York in my English versions—one under the title of *A Dangerous Maid* and another under the title of *The Rollicking Girl.*

Sam Bernard, the comedian, made such a hit in *A Dangerous Maid* when he played in it at the Casino originally in 1901 that Charles Frohman made him a star and had *A Dangerous Maid* revised and revived under its new title for Bernard's use.

The third play was Ludwig Fulda's *Robinson Eiland,* which I adapted under the title of *A Modern Crusoe* and which served the starring purposes of Roland Reed. The same idea was used by James Barrie in his play, *The Admirable Crichton.*

MEETING WITH MARK TWAIN

THE one signal thing, however, which I did abroad was to arrange a meeting with Mark Twain. I went to see him in Vienna, where, at the Hotel Metropole, he held court. No European prince could have been more reverenced than Mark Twain was in Vienna at that time. Bigelow Paine tells us all about this in his fascinating biography. He also alludes to the unfulfilled yearning that Mark Twain always had to write a play.

The humorist had made several attempts in his career to write plays. He wrote one with that kindred literary luminary, Bret Harte. He wrote another with William Dean Howells. Mr. Paine tells us that none of these distinguished *littérateurs* could ever quite understand why these plays failed. They had so enjoyed writing them and had laughed so immeasurably at one another's jokes. Mr. Paine himself, speaking of the one Mark Twain wrote with Bret Harte, a play about a Chinaman, *Ah Sin,* is really puzzled to explain why it fell flat.

As I was in the audience the first night that *Ah Sin* was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, I shall presume to say in a few words why it failed.

The serious portions, presumably supplied by Bret Harte, were weak and unconvincing. The comic parts were almost childish. That seems a wanton adjective to use in connection with any work delivered by such a phenomenal genius as Mark Twain, but there seems to be such a paralyzing influence at work upon the brain of a *littérateur* who makes the experiment of writing a play that his fountain of wit and humor simply don't appear to function.

When I made so bold as to hint to the great humorist in Vienna that I didn't think he had shown his best self in his dramatic work, he puffed silently at his pipe, and after looking at me for quite a while slowly drawled in that sad, solemn way which was one of his chief assets:

"How does a man know what is his best self? How does he know whether it is his self at all?"

I quoted to him another instance of a fine humorist missing fire in the theatre. Edgar Nye, writing under the name of Bill Nye, had just produced an alleged comedy called *The Cadi* in New York.

Bill Nye and Mark Twain were friends. I quoted to Mark Twain several of the side-splitting speeches that were put into the mouth of the leading comedian. He laughed heartily, then after a pause said:

"Sounds like a success."

In order that I might offer him my diagnosis of the causes that prevented success, he asked me to set forth, if I could, wherein stage humor differed from every other sort of humor.

I ventured to say that the prime difference lay in the fact that lines intended to strike an audience as funny were not always funny in themselves, but gained a sort of comic quality by being uttered in given situations. Often a very commonplace line coming at an unexpected moment surpassed in value the veriest gems of wit. In fact, mere gems of wit, recited one after the other, regardless of situation, as was the case in Nye's play, might do in a monologue or a lecture, but were often resented by the average auditor who was impatient for the story to progress.

PLAN FOR COLLABORATION

AFTER a general discussion of visual progress, which we call "action" in a play, I hazarded the remark: "Mr. Clemens, I should like to write a play with you."

Much to my delight, he said he would be willing to do his share.

He then outlined to me a story he had brewing. It is needless to say that all he told me had the Mark Twain brand of quaintness and originality, but it was so interwoven with philosophy and discursive argument that though I felt it a privilege to be listening to a story of his before it appeared in print, I felt its possibilities as a play grow dimmer and dimmer. The story he told me was published some time after under the title of *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg.*

This might have been the material used by us if I had honestly seen dramatic possibilities in it; but with an absolute frankness that was encouraged by the great humorist, who seemed sincerely anxious to absorb what I considered the essentials of

NOTE.—The opening chapters of Mr. Rosenfeld's Reminiscences began in our issue for January, 1925.

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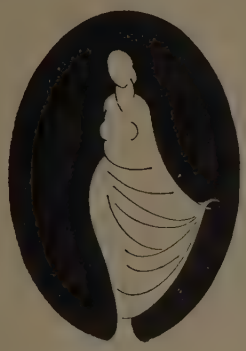

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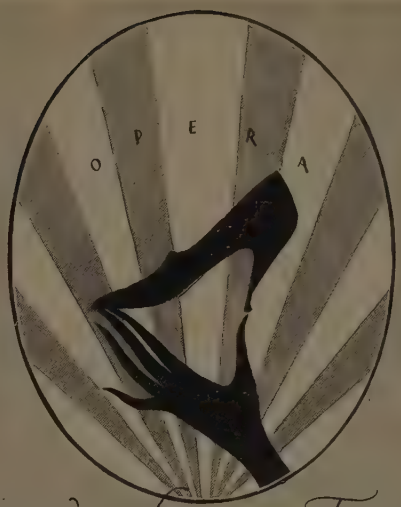

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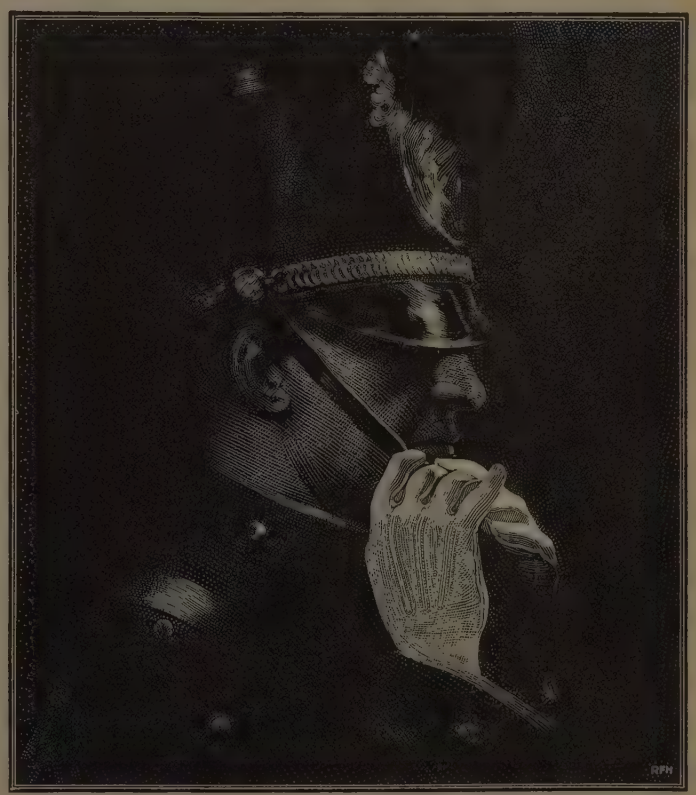

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playwriting, we both eventually conceded that we had not outlined the suitable groundwork for a play.

One point was established at this interview to which he gave hearty assent. The man whose craft it is to write a play conceives it immediately in play form—it does not come to him first as a story, a history or a poem, later to be built into scenes and acts. Life to a novelist reveals itself in descriptive form to which dialogue is accessory. To the painter it comes in color and pose. To the poet in rhetoric and fancy. The play must be almost primitive in its directness and intelligibility, so that, literally, he who runs may read.

"For this reason, Mr. Clemens," I said, "I am not anxious to secure the rights to dramatize any existing work of yours. I should like to build with you an absolutely new and original play."

Mr. Clemens gave this long and careful thought and then made a suggestion which bore fruit.

"Why not hatch out a plot in which we can collaborate?"

I at once told him I would make the attempt. Several interviews followed. Several letters were exchanged.

Mr. Paine speaks of the strange, almost weird influence which the appearance of a comet in the sky at certain periods of Mark Twain's life had upon that life. I told Mr. Clemens I wanted to use a comet as the basis of my story. It appealed to him immediately. We arranged that I should start work on it, and as he intended shortly to return to New York, that we should meet there and take up our collaboration. We did so, and for quite a long time after we met and consulted at his house on West Tenth Street, New York.

The story as it took final shape related how a poor astronomer who earned but the barest living by making intricate calculations of the heavenly bodies conceives the idea of becoming rich and famous by creating a sensation—so he prophesies the end of the world. Having secretly calculated how a certain comet is due in the skies on a given date, he selects that date as the fatal one. He gains instant and world-wide renown. But this dilemma results: His gloomy forecast so preys upon the mind of a young and beautiful princess full of the joy of life that she rebels against any such threatened doom. She has him summoned to court, and after a scene of mingled self-torture and defiance on her part, delivers her ultimatum to him in these words:

"If as you say, the world comes to an end on that date, we shall all die, and you will be no better off than I. If, however, the world does not come to an end, if you have trifled with our credulity and wantonly shattered our nervous system, *you*, at least, shall not escape. Whatever happens, *you* shall die!"

She dismisses him, and the author's ingenuity is directed to arriving at a happy solution in the end.

To this we devoted ourselves. The play was completed.

Being of a rather fanciful nature, we decided it should have certain lyrical portions. It was not, strictly speaking, either a musical comedy or a light opera, but a drama, romantic and humorous and with songs. Of course, it was more or less spectacular, and one scene in particular, showing the heavens with a blazing comet in view lent itself to lavish pictorial display. In short, the play was *sui generis*.

The cost of producing *The End of the World* stood in the way of its acceptance, and the very fact that as a play it was in a class by itself and rather defied the managerial label, gave the purely speculative managers pause. But rather than consign this work, on which I have always set the highest value, to a shiftless and indifferent production, I have held on to it, until I shall procure for it in every way possible the benefit of a complete equipment.

I will make bold to say at least this for it, regardless of the favor with which it may ultimately be received by the public—it is in every sense of the word a *play*, with all the actable qualities a play should have.

When the Sire Brothers, well-known real estate men, bought the building known at that time as Hammerstein's Olympia, on Broadway, covering the entire block between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Streets, it was not primarily with the idea of becoming theatre managers. They meant merely to hold it as speculative property. But while they waited for a prospective sale, they called the place the New York Theatre and became managers *pro tem*. They gathered together a large coterie of actors and singers and commissioned me to write a series of reviews for them. That is how the three products of that nature which I have already enumerated came into being.

Among other actresses they employed was Miss Mabelle Gilman. She had already won her spurs under Daly in musical comedy. By the time the Sires had arranged to dispose of their property to the Erlanger Syndicate, they had become stung by the managerial bee. As Miss Gilman was an attractive young woman with considerable personality and skill, they decided to star her.

The Sire Brothers were also the owners of the little theatre called "The Bijou," on Broadway near Thirty-first Street, since converted into business offices. It was at "The Bijou" that they launched Miss Gilman in *The Mocking Bird*. This was another of those vehicles which I wrote under contract.

I enjoyed the privilege, which became somewhat of a necessity, of studying Miss Gilman's methods. She had a sort of semi-romantic trend, with a good mezzo voice, and not too much histrionic talent. Her comedy methods were also of a subdued nature, but I evolved a part for her which satisfied her longings.

THE END

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BROADCASTING AND THE THEATRE

Radio can stimulate interest in playgoing if properly employed

By REGINALD T. HANFORD

FOR some time the effect of broadcasting on the attendance of the theatre has been the subject of discussion in the public press, and opinions have been expressed by some who are in the theatrical business that radio broadcasting is a menace to the actor and the producer. Before accepting such opinions, it may be well to review the problem and discuss the factors involved.

Radio broadcasting is one-way transmission of sound from its point of origin to innumerable listeners using the ether as the medium for conveying electrical energy which is so modified as to produce the original sound in the ears of the listeners. Its use, therefore, is restricted to the transmission of the human voice, either as speech or song, the transmission of music produced by instruments or other means of producing intelligible sounds. It has not been developed to reproduce form, color or motion and, for the present at least, is limited to an appeal through the sense of hearing.

A play may be written to be read, to be seen, or to be heard; the average play is written to be both seen and heard. A play which is written with the idea that it will be read is prepared to appeal through the impressions it makes upon the mind from reading the printed words, or it may be prepared as a pantomime which will appeal to the senses through motion and color; or again it may be prepared for presentation by the voice alone and appeal through the sense of hearing alone. This latter type may well be adapted to radio presentation if the limitations of the medium of transmission are given due consideration.

PLAYS SUCCESSFULLY TRANSMITTED

IT is usual, however, to prepare plays for presentation as a theatrical performance where full advantage can be taken of the human voice in speech or song to appeal to the ear and color and motion employed to appeal to the eye. Such plays cannot be satisfactorily presented as a whole by radio broadcasting, as many of the factors upon which their success depends cannot be transmitted to the radio audience. Portions of plays which are adaptable to radio transmission have been successfully presented by radio and have created wide-spread interest in the entire production and increased box-office receipts.

Attempts have been made from time to time to broadcast theatrical productions direct from the stage, and with but few exceptions such radio presentations have been anything but successful either from the standpoint of the radio listener or the theatrical producer. A careful survey should be made before attempting to broadcast a play to determine if it can be presented as a whole or in part to the radio listeners with any degree of success as a radio program feature and at the same time do justice to the play itself.

WOULD INCREASE ATTENDANCE

THE broadcasting of a theatrical performance which does not lend itself to radio presentation will not create a desire on the part of the radio listener to go and see it. On the other hand, the presentation of parts of a performance which are adapted to radio presentation may, if properly prepared, result in an increase in attendance. This has been very definitely determined.

It is possible to so employ radio broadcasting as to greatly stimulate an interest in the theatre and create a desire to see plays of all sorts. To accomplish this it is necessary to employ proper methods and to have some knowledge of the medium employed and the methods of use to secure the reactions desired. This cannot be secured by condemnation of either radio or the theatre, but by co-operation of the theatre management, the actors and the broadcasting-station owners and their operating forces in an earnest study of each other's problems. If this is done it will result in an increased attendance at the theatre and interesting program material for the broadcaster.

The theatre is an ancient institution which has survived through years of constantly changing conditions. It has an appeal of its own which no other medium can supplant. The printed page has not replaced it nor has the motion picture, nor will radio broadcasting. The printed page has been used to stimulate an interest in the theatre. Radio broadcasting can be used for the same purpose if properly employed.

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"'Hein, a critic, too.'"—From *Sir Henry Irving*, by Haldane MacFall.

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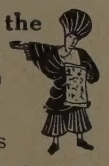

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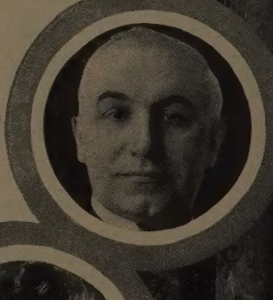

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